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TWO MEMBERS of the Federal Trade Commission have felt impelled to protest against the emasculation of that body by President Coolidge's appointees. Readers of *The Nation* will recall frequent references to the deliberate attempt to disarm a body which was created to fight dishonest business practices. Honest business for a time welcomed the Federal Trade Commission as a safeguard against unfair competition; but times have changed. We referred last week to the title of an authorized interview with the man whom Mr. Coolidge made chairman of the commission: Don't Shoot—We're Coming Down. The most important step in this climb down, as the two minority members of the commission point out, is the new rule which guarantees secrecy to a dishonest business man who promises to be good. (The rule has, of course, a qualification; the commission may order publicity if it feels "warranted in the belief that no agreement made with the proposed respondent will be kept by him." But when would the present commission ever feel so warranted?) As ex-Senator Nugent of Idaho, one of the minority members, says:

> I believe the purchasing public have the right to know from the commission's public declaration the names of the manufacturers and merchants who have robbed them of their money.

So do we. In the history of the commission publicity has been given in 968 cases out of 8,661 complaints, and only 42 of those have been dismissed for lack of proof. The public has reaped the benefits. Shall shady business men who do not want the public to know of their lapses now be permitted to swindle the public in peace? Is that what Coolidge Republicans mean by "letting business alone"?

UNIVERSITY OFFICIALS still imagine themselves in the days when spanking was regarded as a sign of intelligent pedagogy. At New York University they threaten to expel a student editor because he refuses to tell who wrote an article on the prevalence of "cribbing" in his Alma Mater. The students naturally plan a non-academic paper to replace the old if it is suppressed, and doubtless the action of the authorities has assured the new paper large sales. Princeton has introduced one modern note into her discipline; she has demanded that an unruly student editor submit to psychoanalysis. According to report, however, even this horrible penalty has not reduced the student body to a properly docile acceptance of all that their instructors tell them. At Howard University the officials have followed the shocking policy of Fisk—they have called upon the police to stop meetings of the striking Negro students. That, in a border city, is almost an incitement to race riot. Incidentally, the president of Howard University in Washington is also acting president of the Currie School of Expression in Boston. The Currie School does not accept Negro students. How does President Durkee reconcile his two positions to his own conscience?

WHAT IS THE USE of spending money to send delegates to such conferences as that on international traffic in arms, now being held under the auspices of the League of Nations at Geneva? Ostensibly the conference assembled to devise a system of licensing and publicity for the grisly commerce in murder. Immediately after it assembled England demanded exclusion of battleships from its agenda. England's industrial position, it seemed, was such that she could not give up her habit of selling battleships to little nations with extra spending money. So battleships were excluded. Now—Italy, Belgium, and the United States dissenting—it has been agreed to except rifles, shotguns, explosives, and "similar material not exclusively of war type." Meanwhile President Coolidge has explained that while he is opposed to the use of poison gases in war it would be inappropriate to stop their manufacture in peace time. These men have no passion for peace; they do not want to interfere with the war trade if that means interference with profits; they meet merely to cast dust in the eyes of a peace-hungry world. They would be sincerer if they simply passed a resolution deploring international traffic in spurred boots and Sam Browne belts.

WHILE WE HEAR from all quarters of the great increase of crime in the United States, England and Wales have just learned with elation that their criminal statistics for the year 1923 showed that crime was generally diminishing, especially murder and other crimes of violence

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against the person. This is, of course, the very opposite of what is happening in America, and it is the more remarkable since the police forces of Great Britain are a full 5 per cent below their formerly established strength. It is still more amazing because there were fully three-quarters of a million unemployed in Great Britain during 1923. Despite this fact there were only 81,659 prosecutions for drunkenness in 1923, as against an annual average of 189,204 for the five years just preceding the war. The dark side of the report is that there has been an increase of crime in less-settled communities, notably in housebreaking by thieves who make use of the automobile, as has also been the case in this country. This increase in robberies is officially attributed to "the long-continued debasing effects of the war upon conduct and character." We, too, are continuing to pay the price for our participation in that unholy struggle; our crime statistics stamp us as the most lawless people in the world.

WHENEVER HENRY FORD turns his attention to a new industrial field the public is rightly interested. Not content with his enormous success in making cheap automobiles, Mr. Ford bought a railroad and, despite his policy of high wages, made it pay in a dull period when many other lines were in distress. He made an offer for Muscle Shoals, and more recently he started an airplane freight service. He is understood to be developing a machine which is intended to popularize flight in the same way that his car democratized automobiling. And latest of all he has offered to buy 400 of the Shipping Board's 1,200 vessels if a satisfactory price can be arranged. If Mr. Ford's bid for Muscle Shoals may be taken as a criterion, his idea of a satisfactory price for ships is likely to be a low one, especially as he says he wants to use his purchase chiefly as scrap iron. In that case the public has no interest in the transaction other than the price. But Mr. Ford is already operating three steamships on the Atlantic Ocean, purchased from the Shipping Board, and perhaps he has a far larger program of operation in mind than he cares to announce at this time. If so, the experiment will be of extraordinary interest. Mr. Ford is not asking for a ship subsidy, and yet on the three ships which he has on the Atlantic he is paying the highest wages going while the living conditions of the men are said to be as good as if they were passengers. If Mr. Ford can enter a depressed industry like shipping, pay his usual high scale of wages and still run his ships profitably, the feat will be as astonishing and revolutionary as his production of the "flivver."

> WHEREAS, The children of workers have so few opportunities for recreation under wholesome auspices, and are growing up without any real knowledge of the problems of life, especially as they affect the workers; and
>
> WHEREAS, Many anti-labor interests are making strong efforts through the establishment of junior chambers of commerce and similar children's organizations to influence our children and develop in them an anti-labor and anti-social attitude; and
>
> WHEREAS, We want our children to grow up in wholesome recreational surroundings, with an understanding of social forces, and with a spirit of readiness to be of service in the movement for social advancement. . . .

SO BEGINS a resolution unanimously adopted by the recent convention of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. Somehow these whereases breathe a freer air than most of the declarations that accompanied Boys Week. They led up to an indorsement of the Pioneer Youth Movement. In the short year of its life that movement has succeeded in running a summer camp and a growing number of clubs on lines that leave little Wilbur room to be himself. Now the Pioneer Youth Movement is expanding. Behind the indorsement of the Pennsylvania Federation lies enthusiastic support of that leader in workers' education, President James H. Maurer, and of delegates from the coal regions as well as from the big cities. It is a significant and hopeful thing that labor, awakening to the necessity for holding its own children loyal to its history and aims, links that effort with ideals of peace and seeks the help of the most advanced educators. Readers of *The Nation* can get encouraging facts from the secretary of this movement, Joshua Lieberman, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LORD LEVERHULME was in many ways the Henry Ford of the Old World. Leverhulme, more than Rowntree or the other generous paternalistic employers of England, is comparable to Henry Ford because he believed with all his heart in Ford's principles and methods. There was no sentimental idealizing in him. When other Englishmen were turning up their respective noses at anything American Leverhulme was openly advocating the Americanization of England—at least in industry. Industrialism, he felt, was superbly good, and America was the supreme development of that goodness. Anyone could get from an industrial world exactly what he wanted if he wanted it badly enough; and the happiness he got was the happiness he deserved. In America Leverhulme was best known for preaching that industrial efficiency would make a six-hour day possible. His ideals were the result of his own achievement; any soap packer could become a lord of the realm, he believed, because he himself had done so. Proud of his success, he talked about it on every opportunity; he would boast about his career, about Port Sunlight (his model soap-workers' village), about "my workmen"; but in the naivest boasting he was still likable, hoping that others might repeat his success.

CUTTING TO THE ROOT of the colonial problems of the world was the recent controversy between Lord Leverhulme and Sir Hugh Clifford, governor of Nigeria. Sir Hugh had been building up small native land-holdings; the Nigerian law permits no sales, but only leases of land to foreigners, including Englishmen. Lord Leverhulme protested:

> Do we think for a moment [he asked] that Europe will agree that we, the British people, should straddle all these hundreds of thousands of acres of tropical land, capable of producing cotton, in which there is going to be an absolute famine, and other products, under some bureaucratic form of government which, ostrich-like, buries its head in the sand, and refuses to see the march of progress?

There was the point of view of the empire-builder; the world needs goods, and so the natives must abandon communal land-holdings, renounce hope of individual small farms, and crowd onto great, efficient plantations which will produce the maximum amount of cotton, or sugar, or rubber, or bananas, and of profits. The tropics are there, not for their inhabitants but for the benefit of the chosen peoples of Western Europe and America. Morals and ethics do not play a very heavy role in this imperialistic world; as things are, a more important impression may be made by the revolt of the Egyptians and by the fact that in Uganda, where the

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natives are encouraged to work as free and independent men on their own land, the value of the cotton grown by native producers has mounted to £2,000,000, as compared with £20,000 in 1908.

LORD MILNER'S DEATH removes one of several Englishmen who made great reputations for themselves as British administrators in Egypt. If one believes in the idea that so-called backward nations must be taken firmly in hand for their own good, Lord Milner was an excellent governor. Entering the Egyptian service in 1889 he served for three years as under-secretary for finance, and on quitting that post wrote his "England in Egypt," which remains the standard English textbook on the first decade of the British occupation. No one can read this without realizing the enormous amount of worth-while house-cleaning and reorganization it accomplished. However sympathetic one may be with Egyptian aspirations to independence one must appreciate that but for the work of men like Milner and Cromer Egypt would not be as far toward self-government as she is. The difficulty is that administrators of this type are never convinced that their wards are finally to be trusted or that they ever will be able to walk alone. As governor of the Cape Colony before the Boer War he utterly failed to appreciate the strength of the back-countrymen, but later he worked with them with rare understanding; and as head of the Milner Mission to Egypt in 1919 he rose to a level of statesmanship which, unfortunately, was too high for the Government which sent him. Even so, his concern was rather to avoid trouble for England than to help Egypt toward self-government.

THE NEWS OF SIR RIDER HAGGARD'S DEATH at sixty-nine will come as a shock to certain readers, perhaps no longer very young themselves, who had been supposing that the author of "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" was a species of immortal. Those books, along with scores of others from the same hand, were singularly uncontaminated by time and space; they created a world such as persons either very young or very tired like to imagine themselves dwelling in; and in this world there were no dates. Admirers of "She," for instance, will probably find it difficult to conceive a year when it did not exist and when therefore there was no possibility of one's being transported to mythical regions of Africa on the wings of its circumstantial and substantial pages. As a matter of fact, "She" dates; and historians of literature will doubtless be able some day to account for it as a *fin de siècle* phenomenon in the same way that they already account for Oscar Wilde. Yet historians of art do not make art. The reader first referred to is the proper kind of reader for Sir Rider's kind of romance. That kind, if not Sir Rider or any other specific creator of it, is indeed deathless—as it is beyond literary criticism.

INTEREST IN THE MAKING OF BOOKS is growing. For many years manuscripts and ancient hand-made books have held the field; in May the contemporary art of bookmaking was displayed at two international exhibitions—one in Florence, Italy; the other in New York. At the International Book Fair in Florence twenty nations and more than fifty-six publishers are represented. Siam sent four thousand examples of her art. Each of the four big European nations has a "culture week"; speakers for English and Italian culture take their turn with Germans and Frenchmen. Italy's week is being led by Croce, Pirandello, and Corrado Ricci. The American exhibition is under the auspices of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Fifty volumes have been chosen as representative of the best way of handling the various bookmaking problems. The choice of books was limited to those printed in the United States and Canada; about four hundred books from forty-two publishers were submitted. The institute's medal was awarded to the work of Carl Purington Rollins. If frequent appearance in the list of fifty is any indication Bruce Rogers is our outstanding typographer. After the close of the exhibition in New York the books will be sent to large cities throughout the United States.

MR. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS has purchased the Philadelphia *North American* from the Wanamaker family for $1,700,000—in order to extinguish it. This is still another striking example of the way rich men are decreasing the number of metropolitan newspapers in order to reduce competition. Encouraged, doubtless, by the comparative success of the merger of the New York *Herald* and *Tribune*, Mr. Curtis has, by gobbling up one of his rivals, reduced the number of morning papers in Philadelphia to three, the *Inquirer*, the *Public Ledger*, and the *Record*. It is only a few years since he similarly purchased and suppressed the Philadelphia *Press;* today Philadelphia has less than half the dailies it had thirty years ago. The consolidations appeal to the large advertisers and, of course, to owners like Mr. Munsey, who regard a daily exactly as they would any other business concern. Mr. Curtis has had hard work in making his usually dull and always reactionary Philadelphia newspapers pay—the current journalistic gossip credits him with sinking many millions in them before they paid their way, and they are not yet regarded as great money-makers. The Philadelphia *North American*, founded in 1771, was the oldest of our surviving daily newspapers; when purchased by the Wanamakers it had long been moribund, with such a tiny circulation one wondered how it survived at all. During the Roosevelt campaign of 1912 it was ardently Progressive. Now it has ceased to exist, not so long after the retirement of its erratic, at times brilliant, editor, E. A. Van Valkenburg—all of which makes one wonder whether any of the great cities will have more than one morning and one evening newspaper by 1950.

MEN'S STRAW HATS may have been as flat in other years; they certainly have been as uniform. Once the human eye has grown accustomed to this affliction, no ash-dump, liver-pill advertisement, or independent art exhibit can harm it further. The bold rectangular lines of this annual blight on the spring landscape bear little relation to any style of face; its color is raw and yet bleached, like rain-soaked pine planks; its substance is hard and nondescript, like pressed paper pulp, but covered with scales. One specimen could be endured. But multiply this shiny object by 99 per cent of an adult population of 40 million men (giving one man in a hundred credit for an inoffensive panama or golf cap)—and evolution's proudest product becomes a race of complacent flat-heads! Luckily—or is it a further sign that evolution is trailing down the wrong road?—the appearance of the straw hat is governed by ritual; if it appears one day before May 15 its owner is shot; if it loiters on till September 16 he is forced to commit suicide. There is virtue in religious observance.

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America—The World's Banker and Policeman

WE have become the greatest money-lending nation in the world. More American money is invested abroad today than British, and vastly more than French or German or Italian. Wherever men seek capital—in China, in the East Indies, in South America, in the ruined countries of Europe—they turn to our American Wall Street for help. And Wall Street, lending them the money, sets the terms upon which they shall be permitted to develop and rebuild themselves. Oh, it is a great thing to be an American these days. Our money is the soundest and we lend more of it than any other country in the world; we finance and "stabilize" the earth. We have eleven billion dollars invested outside our country, the Department of Commerce boasts; each year the world pays us its tribute —nearly a billion dollars of interest. No empire in history has ever been so rich or so powerful; what we say "goes."

And we boast—forgetting the Indian wars—that we have achieved this preeminence without resorting to the old brutalities of war. We have not sought to conquer territory; we have simply made the most of our opportunities for trade. Nature has favored us somewhat, to be sure. We have only 6 per cent of the population of the world, and 7 per cent of its area; but from our little 7 per cent of the surface of the earth we produce 20 per cent of its gold, 25 per cent of its wheat, 40 per cent of its iron and steel, 52 per cent of its coal, 60 per cent of its copper and cotton, 66 per cent of its petroleum, and 85 per cent of its automobiles. Yet we have not contented ourselves with our home resources; we have reached out through all the world to safeguard ourselves against the exhaustion of our home resources—and to find lands where labor is cheaper. The Guggenheims have put millions into development of the copper mines of Chile; the United Fruit Company controls virtually the entire trade of whole republics in Central America; the sugar companies grouped under the National City Bank have made Cuba one of the richest provinces in the world; our oil companies, aided by Mr. Hughes, have forced Britain to relinquish her monopoly in Mesopotamia and Persia, and have their explorers seeking traces of oil in all the continents of the earth; and now our great banking houses are reaching into the hearts of the old empires, and buying into the continental combines which used to share in the exploitation of the backward countries.

This accretion of our power is so recent that we are barely awakening to it. Before the war we were busy developing our own territory. That struggle marked a revolution in our economic history. Our eyes turned outward. We had been occupied with our own resources, opening up the West, expanding our home empire. We had begun with a few petty investments in Latin America in the opening years of the century; our first considerable foreign loan was to Japan during the Russo-Japanese War. But the total was trifling. Even after recovery from the panic of 1907 we sent little money beyond our borders. In the three years 1911, 1912, and 1913 the total amount of foreign corporate loans floated in the American market was only $180,000,000. But in 1920 the total was $464,000,000; in 1921 $600,000,000; in 1922 $900,000,000; and we are now investing abroad at the rate of more than a billion dollars a year. In the last six years we have accomplished in foreign investments what it took England a century to achieve. We have even invaded her dominions; more than three times as much American capital as British is today invested in Canadian manufactures.

In the years before the war our money had to compete with money from other countries. A Latin American republic, seeking a loan, could turn to Paris or Brussels, Rome or Berlin, London or New York. Competitive conditions were such that one group of bankers was not likely to be assured a monopoly, or granted terms which gave it control of a country's government. We did, to be sure, take over Nicaragua in 1912; but it was during the war, in 1915 and 1916, that we sent our troops into Santo Domingo and Haiti and imposed on those countries the onerous loans and conditions which make them today mere provinces of Wall Street. Since the war we have not been quite so crude; but our bankers, encouraged by the State Department, have secured an increasing area of control without the use of armed forces. Our troops have, it is true, been landed from time to time in Honduras and Guatemala; but the Lisman loan obtained American control of Salvador without use of troops, and the Equitable syndicate persuaded Bolivia to turn over its entire fiscal system to a commission of three, two to be named by the bankers, without official intervention by Washington.

The course of events in these little Latin American countries is significant because it indicates the course which, unless the American people awaken to conscious control of their foreign policy, we are likely to follow in other countries. Our people do not realize to what extent the Government is using their money to assist private business interests in developing foreign trade; and when they learn of it they are sometimes blindly filled with patriotic pride rather than with alarm born of a higher patriotism. We are becoming, in the interest of Wall Street, the policemen of the world. We police Cuba, Panama, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Honduras with our armed forces; our business interests have obtained virtual control of Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, Colombia, Bolivia, and to a lesser degree Peru; the story of interference by American business in Mexico is too well known to require repetition; and now, we—using the word "we" in the confused sense usual in Washington, identifying private business interests with the people—"we" are spreading into Asia and Europe.

Too little emphasis was laid last winter upon Section 2 of the Naval Appropriation Bill, upon which Secretary Hughes of the State Department insisted with exceptional passion. This section authorized the construction of six river gunboats, to cost, *exclusive of armament*, not to exceed $700,000 each.

> These river gunboats [said Senate Report No. 664] are for the protection of American citizens and American interests on the Chinese rivers. . . . The number of shallow-draft, high-speed gunboats now available is entirely inadequate to provide protection to the growing American interests in this part of the world, and the State Department considers the earliest possible construction of additional vessels of this type to be imperative for the proper protection of American citizens, especially in the present disturbed condition of China. Mr. Hughes stated . . . "Our chief commercial and missionary interests are centered in

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the Yangtze River, which drains the whole of central China. Because of the existence of this river, with its branches, it is possible to extend a very considerable degree of naval protection to our interests in that valley. . . ."

Five million dollars for gunboats to patrol the interior of China! More millions for our marines in the Caribbean! Where is it leading us? Where will it stop? It would seem ridiculous today to foresee some future Secretary of State asking Congress to appropriate money for shallow-draft American gunboats to patrol the Danube and the Rhine. But looking at our history of the past decade, that would be the logical development. First, the money is invested; then the State Department intervenes; finally the marines follow. It is the historic course of empire. The money-lenders of the world become its policemen. We are already the world's greatest money-lenders; how long will it take us to become its greatest policemen?

Preparing the War with Japan

THE Hawaiian maneuvers have, as we have already pointed out, proved precisely what everybody knew they were to prove—that the fleet is totally inadequate to its task and that the islands are dreadfully underfortified and undermanned. We defy anybody to suggest any defense and attack maneuver by our forces which would not end with precisely the same "lessons." So a new raid on the Treasury is being planned. The chief of staff has left Honolulu for Washington to report in detail on the weaknesses "clearly demonstrated during the war game." The Hawaiian division "must" be increased from 7,000 to 20,000 men. The War Department will take this opportunity to ask Congress to enlarge the army from 118,000 to 150,000 men so as to increase the force in Hawaii. Congressman Butler of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House Naval Committee, has already announced that he will offer legislation designed to make Hawaii "the strongest military outpost in the world," a Gibraltar of the Pacific, and the House Naval Committee, headed by Chairman Butler and duly coached by a number of naval officers, will junket to Hawaii on June 4, sailing on an army transport by way of the Panama Canal. They will, of course, approve Mr. Butler's plans. Navy and War Departments rejoice to think that despite the economical Calvin Coolidge legislation calling for vast sums will be proposed to strengthen our hold on Hawaii when Congress assembles. We are witnessing the beginning of a hue and cry which will undoubtedly make its mark upon the appropriation bill next winter.

Now there are in this matter several facts of which every sane legislator ought to take cognizance. In the first place, the proposal further to fortify Hawaii is a direct violation of the spirit if not the letter of the Four Power Treaty. In that document it was solemnly agreed that the contracting parties should not further fortify their Pacific possessions. It is true, of course, that Hawaii was excepted on the theory that it is a part of our continental possessions. But the effect of pouring more millions into Hawaii against a possible naval attack is obviously contrary to the whole purpose of that treaty and of the Washington Conference—to put an end to competitive armaments by land and sea, and especially to prevent the additional fortification of outlying possessions. More than that, it will be directly aimed at Japan. From the beginning of the maneuvers the pretense has been made that these exercises were aimed at no one in particular. That is the merest poppycock. The whole plan was to simulate an attack by Japan and Japan alone. Every naval and military officer knows that, and so does Japan. There are only two other navies in the world beside those of Japan and the United States, those of France and England. France is an impossible enemy in the Pacific; England could not and would not attack us there if she went to war with us, not even if she had big bases at Singapore and Hongkong.

Since it is aimed at Japan Congress should next inquire whether in the event of war the Japanese strategists would be so eager to commit national hara-kiri as to attack Hawaii and so kindly test for us the adequacy of our defenses. Japanese authorities talk freely about their plans if they are attacked by the United States, as they are beginning to think they will be, and declare that, not being insane, they have no thought of sending their inferior fleet 4,000 miles from home to attack in its own waters the larger fleet of a Power having unlimited resources in men and money. They plan to do precisely what the Germans did in the face of a superior British fleet, to stay at home under their coast defenses and ask the other fellow to attack—and Britain did not dare to do so, although only a few miles away as contrasted with the 5,000 miles between San Francisco and Tokio. Doubtless we shall be told that this is typical Oriental duplicity meant to mislead, but Congress could discover, if it wished to, that we have plenty of naval authorities who believe that the Hawaiian Islands, even if fortified to the limit, will be only a strategical hindrance and weakness in war time; there are plenty of officers, we are told, who think the 5,000-mile attack on Japan so unprecedented in its strategical and tactical difficulties because of the enormous distances as to border on the impossible.

Undoubtedly the maneuvers just ended have brought the war with Japan a step nearer, and the arming of Hawaii will further help to produce it. Discussion and talk and preparation inevitably breed war, and so does rivalry in navies and fortifications. The World War proved that if it proved anything. Germany and England would have been at each other's throats eventually even without the pistol shot that fired the powder-train. If we are correctly informed, the patriotic propaganda is ready with which to "sell" the war with Japan to our people. The slogans are not to be "a war to safeguard democracy" or "the war to end war," but the "white civilization above the yellow" and "Do you want your wife in a yellow man's arms?"

The Battle of Tennessee

THE Battle of Tennessee may play as significant a part in American history as the Battle of Gettysburg. For what is at stake in the little town of Dayton is as important as any question of political structure, or even of physical freedom; it is the question of bondage of the human mind. Can Tennessee refuse a man the right to teach the truth as he sees it? Have we a state religion in America, and do we put in jail men who fail to obey our Protestant popes?

That is not an overstatement of the issue in this anti-evolution fight. John Scopes, football coach and science teacher, taught his pupils according to what, until 1924,

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was an officially recommended textbook in his State. Among other things, he read to his pupils this passage:

> We have now learned that animal forms may be arranged so as to begin with the simple one-celled forms and culminate with a group which contains man himself.

The new law of Tennessee, ignoring the ancient freedom of this country, forbids a man to teach this simple scientific truth. It returns to the days of the Inquisition, when men were burned alive for daring to think, when an official church tried to cry halt to science.

Fortunately, the Battle of Tennessee will be fought publicly, not behind the cowardly shroud of a Ku Klux Klan hood. William Jennings Bryan has been called as counsel for the prosecution, and, bellowing that the scientists of America are "dishonest scoundrels afraid to tell their beliefs, burrowing in the ground and stealing away the faith of your children," he has accepted the post. John Randolph Neal, former dean of Tennessee's State law school, is chief counsel for the defense. Let the issue be debated as long and as freely as may be. No court—and, we may add, no legislature—can determine whether evolution, or the doctrine of the immaculate conception, or immersion, or what not, is right or wrong; but the court can, and will, decide whether in these United States a man has the right to believe whatever truth his spirit finds, and to teach the truth as God gives him to see the truth; or whether we have come to a point where courts and legislatures, as in the Spain of the Inquisition, tell a man what he may believe and what he dares say to his neighbor.

Amy Lowell

THE death of Amy Lowell at fifty-one gives final emphasis to a fact which merely had been indicated by the celebration five years ago of Edward Arlington Robinson's fiftieth birthday, or the celebration this spring of Robert Frost's. The fact is that all the major members of the generation known a dozen years back as the New Poets are no longer young. Edgar Lee Masters is fifty-five, Carl Sandburg is forty-seven, Vachel Lindsay is forty-five; and while none of these ages is advanced, yet the inference is clear that the New Poetry has already begun to shape into history, that the end of a chapter already has come in sight. What may seem even clearer now is that the historian of this chapter will have to devote a good share of his space to Amy Lowell—will have, perhaps, to build his narrative around her personality.

While she lived she was a figure in more ways than one. For one person who knew her poetry well there were hundreds who knew that she was substantially fashioned; that she smoked cigars; that she was downright and biting in the expression of her opinions and possessed of a masculine air; that she was the niece of James Russell Lowell and the sister of Percival Lowell the astronomer and A. Lawrence Lowell, the president of Harvard; that she lived in a great house out of Boston, where she cultivated flowers and kept ferocious dogs; that she wrote in the middle of the night; and that she was always prompt to argue in defense of her own verse. These things are interesting enough, and they will serve for a personal legend. But there will be a literary legend of still more significant proportions. Those who knew her at anything like first hand appreciated in her an all but fabulous literary energy; and it is this energy which in the long run will constitute her story.

Miss Lowell felt her strength primarily not as a woman or as an aristocrat or as an American but as an artist. She once wrote to an editor of *The Nation:*

> I am not the type of writer who is greatly affected by environment. I am like the tortoise, I carry my mental habitat upon my back. All sorts of experiences, scenes, bits of knowledge of men and places, help in the general mosaic, but I do not think that, as far as writing goes, it makes the slightest difference where I am.

And she liked to explain in conversation how, finding herself thrust into an age of proletarian authors who made much of the economic scene and the social milieu, she had resolved to be content with rendering through word and rhythm the beautiful culture which it was her privilege to inherit. So it was that, when at twenty-eight she decided to promote poetry in her life to a place above horses and tennis and travel, she settled solidly down to the study of a technique which should serve to celebrate the loveliness of a Chinese vase, a clipped garden, a tree with red berries on it, a carved fountain playing in old moonlight, a shower of warm rain on velvet dust, a streak of lightning over interesting roofs, a story out of an ancient—perhaps unique—volume. Ten years passed before she published a book; then in thirteen years she published eleven. The six of these which contain her poems reveal her still as an incessant student of style. "The poet," she declared in one of her prefaces, "must learn his trade in the same manner, and with the same painstaking care, as the cabinet-maker." She learned her trade from China, from France, from Ezra Pound and the imagists in England, from her favorite Keats, and from contemporaries in America who joined her in the radical practice of *vers libre.* She more or less invented the thing called—by John Gould Fletcher—polyphonic prose. And always she was searching through old books for new, rich worlds of beauty to preserve. Always she was taking notes—a hundred sheets of them, perhaps, to authenticate a hundred lines.

There are judges of Miss Lowell who say that gusto, rather than genius, was her distinction as a poet. In "A Critical Fable" she put the case for them better than they ever put it themselves:

> You'll guess by this time, without farther allusion,
> That the lady's unique and surprising profusion
> Creates in some minds an unhappy confusion. . . .
> They've accused her of every description of quackery,
> Of only concerning herself with knick-knackery;
> It has all been enough to set any one's back awry.

She was as shrewd a critic of herself as she was of others, and this is saying a good deal in view of the fact that her "Six French Poets" still offers the best education in its subject; that her "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" remains the only selective and sensible book on contemporary verse; and that her "John Keats" has set a new standard for literary biography. The judges in question like to insist that she will survive as a figure, as a champion of the New Poetry, as a critic of her rivals, longer than she will survive as a poet in her own right. Prophecy, as always, is foolish in such a case. Yet any reader now of the six volumes which end with "Legends" will not do ill to agree with the author of "A Critical Fable," who sang of herself:

> Although I'm no prophet, I'll hazard a guess
> She'll be rated by time as more rather than less.

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Taming the Tariff Commission

By SILAS BENT

IT is possible now to appraise with some precision the value to the public of Section 315, the "flexible provision," of the Fordney-McCumber tariff act. It was introduced into the bill with a fine fanfare. If the "protection" afforded to industry was costly, here was compensatory protection for the consumer. If the taxpayer's pocketbook bled too freely, the President could apply a tourniquet. On recommendation of the Tariff Commission he could stimulate or stem the flow by as much as 50 per cent. Rate-making was to be put on a scientific basis. The tariff was to be taken out of politics.

If the Tariff Commission could have functioned in a vacuum, and if the President could have been elected without obligation to prospective tariff beneficiaries, the consummation might have been achieved. It was not achieved. The present system of rate-recommending, to be sure, is somewhat more scientific than a Ways and Means Committee hearing; but the method of rate-making is more deeply tainted than before with selfish interest.

Stated baldly, there have been 250 applications, about two-thirds of them for decreases, under the "elastic provision." The Tariff Commission has actually recommended eight changes in rates, six of them for increases, two for decreases. President Coolidge has made all the increases effective by proclamation. He has maintained silence about both the recommendations for decreases. He has even suppressed the facts upon which the commission, which costs this country more than $700,000 a year, based its argument for lowering rates. If this be flexibility, it is not the sort in which the consumer hoped to find recourse from the burdensome schedules of the Fordney-McCumber act. Attempts to bend the tariff down toward the majority, which pays the bills, reveals a silent rigidity. It is pliant only for the benefit of politically influential minorities.

The "flexible tariff" was a product of two converging forces. For years there had been talk of protection solely for the American standard of living, the American wage scale, based on the theory that tariff profits go partly into the pockets of workingmen, and not into corporation surpluses and dividends. Even twenty years ago Theodore Roosevelt wrote to Senator Lodge:

> Dear Cabot: Would it not be well to put into the platform about the protective tariff a sentence to the effect that "the minimum duty must always be that which will cover the cost of the difference in labor cost here and abroad, because under no circumstances must the standard of living of the American workingmen be brought down"? It seems to me that this is a very important thing to put in.

In the Congress which formulated the present law this general notion manifested itself in two ways, and the result was a compromise.

The post-bellum economic chaos in Europe and the resultant disorders in foreign exchanges injected into the foreign-trade situation such uncertainty that American business thought there should be a variable scale of tariff duties. (It thought, too, of the "American valuation" plan, which was incorporated in the tariff, but that has no immediate bearing on the "flexible" clauses.) Big business wanted to give the President power to slide the scale up or down as conditions changed. As a fact, since European currencies were descending and the dollar ascending in power, what big business wanted was a continuous means of sliding the import duties upward. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States was one of the agencies through which this demand made itself heard.

The second demand was for a "scientific tariff," without special relation to the post-war confusion. The real power behind it was Julius Forstmann, a rich New Jersey manufacturer. He had been a member of the commission which framed Germany's scientific tariff before the World War, and he believed the same sort of thing could be done here. In behalf of his ideas he financed a national campaign, in which I assisted; but he himself remained behind the scenes, because the feeling against citizens of German birth was still bitter. His spokesman in Congress was Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, since defeated for reelection. The Forstmann plan was that a nonpartisan fact-finding tariff commission should determine the difference between cost of conversion in this and competing countries, and report semi-annually to Congress on its findings. Particular schedules could thus be altered from time to time, but there would not be a quadrennial remaking of the entire tariff machinery.

The Congressional compromise between these two was the present "flexible provision," which delegates to the President instead of retaining in Congress the rate-changing power, specifies no time for tariff-commission reports, and deals with "costs of production" instead of "costs of conversion." The bill offered by Senator Frelinghuysen specified that costs of conversion simmered down finally to labor costs in manufacture. The interpretation of the other phrase has given rise to interminable controversy.

A tariff commission of six members was already in existence. By law it could not include more than three members of one party. Salaries were increased, and a million dollars was provided for expenses. This body set to work nearly three years ago, and labored nearly two before it made any report of consequence. On major points it was deadlocked.

A little more than three months before the last Presidential election the Tariff Commission voted by three to two for a reduction in the rate on sugar, which is the highest since the Civil War. Let us look at the membership at that time:

Thomas O. Marvin, chairman, had been the handy man of the Home Market Club of New England manufacturers and for years editor of the *Protectionist*, its organ.

Commissioner William Burgess had been a lobbyist for pottery interests.

Commissioner Henry H. Glassie was not permitted to vote on the sugar schedule, over his protest, because his wife and her family owned a Louisiana sugar mill and plantation. An appeal was made to Mr. Coolidge, but he did not interfere. A resolution was introduced in the commission to keep Mr. Glassie from voting, but by uniting with Commissioners Marvin and Burgess he defeated it

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on a tie. Then Congress passed a law preventing him from having any voice in the sugar report.

Vice-Chairman William S. Culbertson, with Commissioners Edward P. Costigan and David J. Lewis, stood for moderate protectionist rates. They were the three who voted for a reduction in the sugar rate which would have resulted in a saving to American consumers of $200,000 a year, without in any way crippling domestic industry.

President Coolidge's manipulation of the personnel of the Tariff Commission, so as to reorganize it to his own purposes, is a matter now of common knowledge. He replaced Commissioner Lewis with another Democrat (as required by law) more likely to agree with his tariff views. He lifted Mr. Culbertson out of the commission to the ministership to Rumania. Commissioner Burgess has resigned, and it may be said with safety that his place will be filled with another high protectionist. Commissioner Costigan is the sole remaining member likely to disagree with Mr. Coolidge, and he is in a minority of one to five.

So much for the commission. Let us see what happened before and after Mr. Coolidge's election.

William M. Butler, now Senator by appointment from Massachusetts, but then Mr. Coolidge's closest adviser and chairman of the Republican National Committee, sought the assistance in the preconvention campaign of the beet- and cane-sugar interests, the flaxseed crushers (whose high rate on linseed oil was under investigation), the Home Market Club of Boston, and the American Protective Tariff League. All these interests were represented in the contributions divulged by Senator Borah's committee when it investigated campaign contributions and expenditures. A lobbyist for the beet-sugar interests was made treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

Bascom Slemp observed sagely not long since that John W. Davis was defeated when he accepted the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Why?

"Because," said Mr. Slemp, "he did not know where the money was coming from."

During the campaign the report on sugar was in the President's hands. An investigation had been completed of linseed-oil production, and a report was imminent. The beet-sugar men in the West and the linseed-oil crushers in the Northwest were needed to hold the fort against Senator La Follette. One of the President's callers was Porter J. McCumber, who as Senator had helped frame the sugar schedule, but had now become the lobbyist for the Louisiana cane-sugar interests.

After leaving the White House, Mr. McCumber said that he had talked to the President about both sugar and politics. He had urged that no reduction be made in the tariff, and he had advised that a stiff fight be waged against Senator La Follette in the West and Northwest. A week or so later (early last September) Mr. Coolidge, in his masquerade as "a White House spokesman," told the correspondents that he would announce his decision about sugar rates before the election. He has not yet announced it.

The Tariff Commission's report was presumably in entire confidence. No one was supposed to know what it contained. But that wheel-horse of the Republican Party, Senator Reed Smoot, who is part owner of the Utah-Idaho (beet) Sugar Company, knew. William V. Hodges, lobbyist for the Holly Sugar Corporation and collector of campaign funds for Mr. Coolidge, knew. They revealed their knowledge when they tried to intimidate Mr. Culbertson in Mr. Smoot's office. That Mr. Culbertson is to be minister to Rumania testifies that he could not be bluffed.

The Tariff Commission (Chairman Marvin at its head, Commissioner Burgess still a member, and Commissioner Glassie freed from the legal restraints which prevented him from blocking a report for cheaper sugar) recommended unanimously last January a reduction in the rate on linseed oil. This tariff is so high that less than 2 per cent of the linseed oil we use is imported. The burden on the public is more than twenty millions, but Uncle Sam gets less than half a million of it. There are only eight large beneficiaries, one a Standard Oil subsidiary, another the property of Pittsburgh Plate Glass, of which Secretary Mellon's brother is a director. The three high-protectionist commissioners voted for a reduction of practically 20 per cent, the others for a reduction by more than a third; and even the greater reduction would have left the rate as high as the Payne-Aldrich schedule.

After suppressing this report five months Mr. Coolidge turned it over to the new Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Jardine, who had announced publicly two months before that he opposed a reduction in the rate. (The report is still suppressed, so far as official public knowledge of its contents is concerned.) There need be no question as to what kind of recommendation Mr. Coolidge expects to get from Mr. Jardine.

Two questions arise from this procedure: Is the new Secretary of Agriculture better qualified to advise the President than the Tariff Commission? Is Mr. Coolidge within his legal rights in calling on the Secretary for advice?

The Tariff Commission, through a large staff of experts, obtained the costs of production for 95 per cent of the linseed oil in this country, three-fourths of the production in Great Britain, and half the Dutch production. Eighteen months were spent in the investigation. Every member of the commission, whatever his predilections and preconceptions in the general matter of tariffs, has made the tariff the sole subject of his study for many years. All six of them are experts, and they reasoned from a basis of facts gathered by experts. Even the most ardent protectionist among them agreed that the rate should be drastically lowered.

Mr. Jardine is an agronomist, a former college president, and a Rotarian.

Section 315 of the Fordney-McCumber Act provides that "in order to regulate the foreign commerce of the United States and to put into force and effect the policy of the Congress by this act intended," the Tariff Commission shall make investigations "to assist the President in determining differences in cost of production under this section," and "no proclamation shall be issued until such investigation shall have been made"; it provides that the President "shall make such findings public, together with a description of the articles to which they apply," whenever it is "shown that the duties prescribed in this act do not equalize said differences."

No authorization is given to the President to refer the Tariff Commission's findings to a member of his Cabinet, or to any one else. Nevertheless he referred the sugar report to Mr. Jardine's predecessor, and the linseed oil report to Mr. Jardine; and he has said that he regards it as his function to take into account factors which the Tariff

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Commission does not report: the general effect, as he sees it, on industry and agriculture of a change in rates. He is a super-tariff commission.

The last Republican platform devoted about half its tariff plank to praise of the "flexible provision" and the certainty that it would safeguard the public against "too high customs charges" and against "excessive taxes." During the campaign Mr. Coolidge said: "I am in favor of the elastic provisions of our tariff law. I propose to administer them not politically but judicially." Just one year before Mr. Coolidge was inaugurated Representative Tyson of Alabama said: "No greater weapon could have been placed in his hands to compel the industrial and manufacturing interests of this country to give allegiance to the policies of the party of which the Executive is the head."

Whether a scientific tariff is within the range of possibility is debatable. The facts definitely establish that the present tariff has not been taken "out of politics" and that it is not flexible. It is sclerotic. It is subject to high-rate pressure.

Death-Struck

By NATHANIEL HERBERT

EVENING was descending over the sandy mouth of the river as the Hallelujah Howdy poked her soiled white nose upstream toward the dilapidated little fish piers of the village which welcomes sea travelers on their way to the prideful city twenty-odd miles inland. We knew what the village would be like, straddling its swamps and sand hills on that Southern coast, but we were eager to be ashore with the eagerness of all amateur sailors who have been at sea two whole days and nights.

There was a cluster of lights not far from the head of the wharf, in what proved to be the only store on the only street in town. There was a wooden settee on the piazza, and after assuring ourselves that there was nothing unusual about the store we slumped down on the bench and watched the tides of the town flow by. After a few minutes the proprietor of the store came out and addressed us, as proprietors of Southern stores always do when not too utterly tired.

"We come near having a lynching here last night," he said.

We asked, mildly, if that was so.

"Yes, sir; two automobile loads of men with ropes was out all night."

"But he got away?"

"Yes, sir—haven't got him yet."

"'Woman?" we asked, having a New England dislike for the legal names of the commoner crimes of the South.

"Yes, sir. He threatened to whip this woman. 'You ought to be hoss-whipped,' he told her. Then he realized what he'd done and he run in here and told me about it; said he wanted protection from the sheriff. If I hadn't been a justice of the peace I'd have shot that nigger right here in the doorway. I told him to get out and keep going."

"Have much trouble like that here?"

"Yes, sir, a lot of it."

"What's the matter—don't the niggers know they'll get into trouble; don't they know any better? How do you explain it?"

"Death-struck, I call it."

"'Death-struck.'" we repeated. "It's a good word—just 'death-struck.' But how do they get like that; what is it?"

"I don't know, mister. We people here, some of us been right here for thirty years and never in trouble in any way. We're peaceful, home-loving people, and we try to make this town a good place for our women and children. A man can fish, he can drag for shrimp, he can make a good living. The niggers could do just as well, but they're never satisfied to settle down and enjoy their homes. They're restless, always looking for something to happen, never want to just settle down and live."

"Just death-struck," we supplemented. "Restless and never satisfied—death-struck."

"Yes, sir," he continued, kicking a questing hen away from the door, "there's no settle down in a nigger. They're never satisfied with what they've got—think they'll move somewhere, or get rich, or something; never settle down; always in some kind of trouble."

From the waterfront drifted a mild, lazy breeze bearing the aroma of decaying shrimps, with which the shore was lined. From the swamps back of the village came the faint bawling of a cow in a bog hole. In the street two pigs disputed possession of a bit of refuse just hurled from a nearby doorway.

"Probably the niggers wouldn't settle down here even if you gave them land," we suggested.

"No, sir, they wouldn't."

A chill mist had crept up from the river now, to meet a still heavier mist that had stolen in from the swamps. The proprietor allowed it was getting cold and he'd close up for the night. It was after seven.

"Death-struck," we informed the mist.

"Yes, sir."

"More schools, maybe, to educate these people . . ." we ventured.

"More schools or more shotguns, all accordin' to the way you might look at it," announced a gaunt lounger at a far corner of the piazza.

"He's kin to the lady," the proprietor whispered.

"Death-struck," we conceded for the twentieth time.

"Yes, sir."

Sure It Is Wisdom

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

When I have been gladdest on a sun-shot hillside
I have had no pride to urge me to possess
The wax-green wonder of the sun behind a leaf
Or the long moving shadow of a cloud upon the grass.
Peace to the eye is the green-lit leaf;
Cool creeps the shadow across a passive hand. . . .
No pride of knowing . . . no arrogance of search. . . .
Sure it is wisdom to be awake and wondering,
To guess with waiting finger tips, and take with the eye. . . .

When most I have loved you I have been still and wondering
With no pride of question or hope to satisfy. . . .
When I have paused unterrified at our love's mystery
It has been still and certain as sunshine on my cheek,
It has been to my eye as a wax-green wonder,
Shadow cool it has come . . . direct . . . and very sure.

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Can Caillaux Save French Finance?

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, April 29

THE new French Government will probably last at least until after the summer vacation. Now that the truth about the state of the national finances has been revealed, it will be difficult to overthrow a government on the budget. No doubt some of the budget proposals will be unpleasant—that is inevitable in the circumstances—but, unless they are much more extreme than they are likely to be, the pill will have to be swallowed.

Had it been swallowed long ago, the financial situation would not be what it is. There is no reason at all why the finances of a wealthy country like France, whose economic situation is excellent—much better than that of any other country in Europe—should be in their present state of chaos; no reason, that is, except years of thoroughly bad financial methods, due to the refusal of the French bourgeoisie and peasant farmers to pay adequate taxation. It was all very well before the war to go on piling up the national debt by annual budget deficits. The deficits could then always be covered by loans supplied by French savings. When this unsound system was continued during and after the war, the deficits became so enormous that the capacity of the French investor was exhausted. The inevitable happened. The governments resorted to inflation in the form of an unlimited issue of treasury bonds repayable in three, six, or twelve months, and other loans at short terms. When these resources proved inadequate, recourse was had to various other expedients, such as temporary loans from the Bank of France and private banks to meet the current expenditure. The French state was living from hand to mouth. The *rentiers* have paid the penalty of their refusal to pay income tax. The depreciation of the franc has deprived them of nearly three-fourths of their incomes.

The huge floating debt puts any government at the mercy of the bankers, as M. Herriot discovered. The ultimate cause of his fall was his incredible folly in not telling the country the whole truth about the financial situation as soon as he became Prime Minister. Having failed to do that, he was obliged to allow his Minister of Finance, M. Clémentel, a thoroughly incapable person, to continue the methods of his predecessors. At last the banks, threatened with a capital levy, began demanding the reimbursement of treasury bonds held by them. To meet the demands, M. Herriot was obliged to exceed the legal limit of the note circulation—the alternative was national bankruptcy—and that was his ruin. Had he revealed the facts to begin with and asked the country for the necessary sacrifices to put the finances in order, he would never have come to this pass.

M. Caillaux has now to try his hand at remedying the blunders of the last ten years. His inclusion in the new Cabinet was a surprise. It was evident that he would return to office sooner or later, but nobody expected it quite so soon, least of all M. Caillaux himself. On the whole his appointment has been well received. The violent attacks on him in the Chamber of Deputies and by the Nationalist press have failed to awake an echo in the country, as the *Gaulois* has had to admit. The man-in-the-street believes that M. Caillaux is the only French politician with any knowledge of finance—which is true—and is prepared to give him a chance. It is a swift and sudden rehabilitation—M. Caillaux became Minister of Finance five years almost to a day after his condemnation by the Senate.

Although the new Government nominally belongs to the *cartel des gauches* and all its members except M. Chaumet belong to parties in the cartel, it has discarded some important items in the program of the Herriot Cabinet and is avowedly a government of conciliation rather than combat. M. Painlevé's concessions and efforts at conciliation have, however, been so badly received by the Opposition that the Government must, it would seem, satisfy the cartel or go under. It can survive only as a government of the left. Whether it will have the authority to impose the necessary financial sacrifices also remains to be seen. M. Caillaux has in his favor the now general conviction that, had his income-tax scheme been preserved intact instead of being whittled away, the financial situation would now be better than it is. The absence of any control or effective system of assessment has made the income tax a farce. M. Caillaux has also in his favor the fact that the country now knows the truth and must recognize that the only alternative to financial sacrifices is national bankruptcy.

The fact that the Cabinet is not homogeneous is of course against it. In particular, it will not be easy for M. Caillaux and M. Briand to work together. As a member of the Cabinet M. Caillaux shares the collective responsibility for its foreign policy, and his conception of the right policy for France has hitherto been very different from

From *L'Europe Nouvelle*

THE INCOMING CABINET

De Monzie, Minister of Education; Painlevé, Prime Minister and Minister of War; Caillaux, Finance; Delbos, Fine Arts; Georges-Bonnet, Under-Secretary attached to the Prime Minister.

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that of M. Briand. He has consistently been in favor of an understanding with Germany and opposed to an alliance between France and England on the ground that it is good for neither. The war was in fact decided on in 1911 when M. Caillaux's attempt to arrive at an understanding with Germany was thwarted, largely through the influence of Lord Grey of Fallodon and the British Foreign Office. The Anglo-French alliance, no less real because it was not formal, was one of the chief causes of the war. I doubt whether it can ever restore peace to Europe.

The deplorable result of the German presidential election has of course greatly increased the difficulty of an understanding between France and Germany, which was difficult enough already. The effect in France is naturally disastrous, and it is being exploited by the Nationalists for all that it is worth, which from their point of view is a great deal. The Nationalist press, which was careful before the election not to express its desire for Hindenburg's victory, now openly exults over it, and I am sorry to say that the satisfaction is shared by the Quai d'Orsay. As the *Gaulois* says, the German electors have given M. Briand a trump card—to be played against Germany. The public believes that the Kaiser will be restored to his throne in a few weeks or months and that a war of revenge against France will speedily follow; it is encouraged in this belief by the press.

Hindenburg is the German MacMahon and Germany is where France was in 1875, but the circumstances in Germany are more favorable to the republic than they were in France. I am inclined to think that the German Nationalists have acted too soon, for they cannot pursue their own policy. Germany is not strong enough to defy the world, or even to defy France alone. Should the Nationalist foreign policy be adopted, Germany would speedily be crushed. If, on the other hand, as is almost inevitable, there be no change in foreign policy, the Nationalists will discredit themselves with all their extremist supporters.

It is, however, most unlikely that such consideration will carry weight in France, for the Quai d'Orsay wants an excuse for the continuance of a policy which even M. Herriot did not fundamentally change, as his speech last January showed. Nevertheless M. Herriot was sincerely ready to discuss the proposed Western Pact. I fear that M. Briand intends to shelve it. Before the German presidential election he had already gone back on M. Herriot's agreement to negotiate with Germany at once on condition that the pact, if made, should come into operation only when Germany had become a member of the League of Nations. M. Briand insists that the negotiations shall begin only when Germany has been admitted into the League, and it is not certain that he will facilitate the admission of Germany. The *Temps* has already suggested that "the Germany of Hindenburg" is not worthy of membership in the League of Nations, and the *Temps* often expresses the opinion of the Quai d'Orsay.

M. Briand still hankers after the Cannes policy of a pact between France, Belgium, and England against Germany and he seems to think that England will agree to return to it. He is certainly mistaken. Even if the present British Government agreed to such a pact, as is most unlikely, the pact would be repudiated by the English people. It would be only a deception for France. Further, M. Briand's interpretation of Article 44 of the Treaty of Versailles is not accepted in England, where it is not by any means admitted that, as M. Briand maintains, in the event of an infringement by Germany of the provisions of the treaty concerning the demilitarized German zone, England would be bound to support France in any action that she might choose to take and would find herself automatically at war with Germany if France declared war. Although M. Briand was perhaps in good faith when he assured the French Chamber the other day that England recognized her obligations under Article 44 as defined by him and would certainly fulfil them, he was deceiving, however unwittingly, the French public.

It will have been gathered that I am not optimistic about the foreign policy of the new French Government. It seems to me too probable that M. Briand's policy will differ from that of M. Poincaré chiefly in method, little if at all in substance. He will be less brutal and more subtle, but not necessarily less dangerous. The main conception of French policy is still "security," to be obtained either by a pact with England against Germany or by the indefinite occupation of the Rhineland. Even M. Herriot said in January that France would not consent to the evacuation of Cologne until she had "security." M. Briand will almost certainly act on that principle. After the election of Hindenburg I should not like to bet that France will even keep her undertaking to evacuate the Ruhr in August.

Should my anticipations be fulfilled, England will have to choose between falling into line with French policy and withdrawing at least for a time from the Continent, for it would be difficult in present circumstances for a British Government to support Germany against France. The stupidity of the German electors has made it difficult for anybody to help Germany. English opinion seems to be getting more and more disgusted with the thankless task of trying to reconcile France and Germany, and it may be that, if French policy makes that task impossible, England will recall her troops from Cologne, withdraw her representative from the Rhineland Commission, and have nothing more to do with the occupation of German territory.

From *L'Europe Nouvelle*

THE OUTGOING CABINET

Peytral, Minister of Public Works; Clémentel, Finance; Herriot, Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs; François-Albert, Education; General Nollet, War.

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A Day at the Sadoul Trial

By IDA TREAT

Captain Jacques Sadoul, sent to Russia as member of a French military mission before the Soviet Revolution, remained when the other members of the mission retired, and wrote letters to his chiefs in France giving sympathetic reports of the Bolshevists. Clemenceau thereupon had him indicted, charged with "intelligence with the enemy," tried in absentia, *and sentenced to death by a court martial in 1919. Sadoul remained safe in Russia. After the Herriot Government had recognized Soviet Russia Sadoul returned to France, inviting arrest. He was retried by a court martial at Orleans in April; the* dossier *was found to be crammed with forgeries and third-hand rumors. Only the charge of desertion was pressed; and of that Sadoul, after the scenes which Miss Treat describes, was acquitted.*

Orleans, April 7

EACH morning the train from Paris brought a fresh quota of notables: glittering officers in horizon-blue and gold; former ambassadors and ministers; clouds of official and semi-official personages, portfolio under arm. For ten days, the gray provincial town of Orleans had experienced an extraordinary animation.

In the courtroom, where the military tribunal held its sittings, an interminable file of witnesses passed before the bar. First those of the prosecution: officers, for the most part—generals, commandants, captains—a descending series. The vaguest of testimony, given with military crispness and decision. Not a witness was able to make a categorical statement bearing on the question of Sadoul's desertion. By the end of the third day the accusation had collapsed; its case centered at last about a single point: If Sadoul had ever received an order to return to France—a fact which no one was able to affirm—would he have been glad to get it? It was at this point that the president of the court martial was led to make the imprudent statement which has since become the fable of the barracks of Orleans, that a soldier may be a deserter involuntarily!

Presiding Judge

Monday was a great day for the defense. It had assembled an imposing body of witnesses—ex-ministers and ambassadors, senators, deputies, writers, artists, manufacturers—to testify in favor of Sadoul and against the policy of intervention. But the name of one of the witnesses was sufficient to set Orleans agog: Christian Georgevich Rakovsky, London representative of the Soviet Republic.

That afternoon the ugly little courtroom was crammed. Behind the row of soldiers—metal casque, bayonet, and gun—fully three hundred spectators had crowded into a space barely capable of seating one-third that many. An obliging official had permitted a row of chairs—occupied by respectable gentlemen in frock-coats and red rosettes—along the walls to left and right of the seats reserved for the court martial. At one o'clock, the customary hour for opening the sessions, those seats remained empty. At 1:15 they were still empty. At 1:20 a nervous official pushed his way through the groups of lawyers by the balustrade.

"C'est formidable! The accused isn't there! The Conseil de Guerre is ready and waiting. Where is Sadoul?" Craning of necks throughout the hall. Where could he be? Five minutes more, and someone pushed open the swinging door of the hall—a pleasant-faced young man in a soft gray hat with a portfolio tucked under his elbow. *"C'est lui!"* The audience settled back on the benches, while Sadoul, with a nod to his friends and a handshake for his attorneys, climbed alone into the prisoner's box—singularly roomy for a single occupant—and seated himself in the corner like a spectator at a play. A whisper circulated among the reserved seats: "He's been lunching with Rakovsky." The elegant ladies of Orleans adjusted their lorgnons with a new regard of curiosity mingled with respect for the singular prisoner who had lunched informally with an ambassador!

Jacques Sadoul

The sudden bark of a military command: "Present arms!" The row of bayonets gave a little leap toward the ceiling. There was a scraping of feet; the audience rose; and through a doorway at the far end of the room filed the members of the court martial—horizon-blue, white gloves, swords, mustaches, medals, gold braid, a monocle or two. The voice of the president: "Bring in the first witness." A gray little voice in a face impassively wooden, aristocratic, all nose, to the detriment of forehead and chin.

"Re-pos-ez armes!" Scuffling their hobnailed boots, the picket of soldiers marched from the hall. Their place was taken by a handful of gendarmes—heavy, middle-aged faces under the dull casque. Contrary to rule, but prudent; no risk of propaganda affecting them!

Another Judge

A great day for the defense. Jules Destrès, former Belgian ambassador to Petrograd, had come from Brussels. Albert Thomas, bearded and energetic, had come from Geneva. "Sadoul, a deserter? Why was I—the minister responsible for his presence—never notified? Why was I permitted to continue my correspondence with this singular 'deserter' whose whereabouts were constantly known and who continued to receive his pay regularly as member of the military commission?" Albert Thomas explained his own liberal policy toward Russia. As he spoke, the background of the Sadoul case grew crystal-clear—an arraignment of the Allied attitude toward Russia, with the defense turned prosecutor.

But let Russia speak for itself. Again the voice of

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the president, perhaps a trifle less wooden: "Call the next witness." A cry went echoing through the corridors: "Rakovsky! Rakovsky!" A stir in the courtroom. Heads turned. "Sit down, sit down!" commanded a military voice.

A blond gentleman of middle age, with finely cut features, dressed like any Englishman in the afternoon, made his way to the witness-stand. A ripple of comments ran across the reserved seats.

"Mais il est bien."

"He's even good-looking."

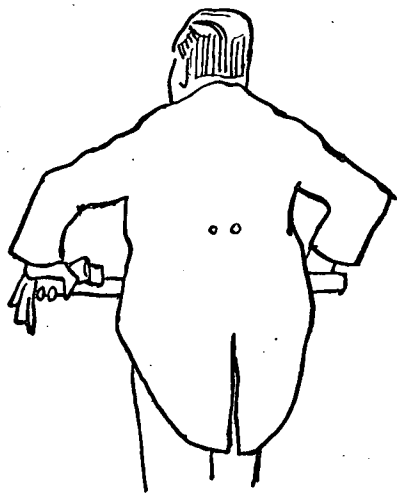
"Looks like a society man."

On the bench beside me, a quietly dressed woman in a dark-green suit, with soft, curling hair under a peaked toque, crinkled her eyes in a smile that she hid discreetly behind a handkerchief. Two initials on the corner of that handkerchief—A. R.—Alexandra Rakovsky. Behind her, erect and motionless, stood two blond young men.

"The Red Guard," whispered a journalist.

"Naturally — they haven't forgotten Vorovsky,"* replied a colleague.

At the bar an even voice was speaking, in clipped fluent French. "In my quality of diplomat, I can naturally make no commentary on the policy past or present of a friendly power. . . . I may tell you only of my personal experience when the German troops were in the Ukraine. They were thoroughly demoralized. . . . The situation might have been exploited. . . . Sadoul knew the situation as did few Europeans. . . . It would have been infinitely precious for us to have had him return to France. . . ."



Rakovsky at the Bar

"And that was where Clemenceau got his little death sentence," mumbled a journalist, scribbling away for dear life.

Seven o'clock. The session had ended. Lawyers, newspapermen, friends of Sadoul, were gathered in the dining-room of the Hotel Terminus, the headquarters of the defense. Two days before the verdict, yet everyone was confident. A white-haired senator who had testified during the afternoon session tendered a hand to Sadoul: "It is not too early for congratulations."

"I'm not superstitious." The man condemned to death grinned boyishly. "But these long sessions make me hungry. Can't we have dinner?"

"But where is Rakovsky? We can't sit down without Rakovsky!" The speaker, one of the newspapermen, spoke with all the worried accent of a *chef du protocole*. There was a stir at the far end of the dining-room and a little group came through the street door of the restaurant —Rakovsky, bare-headed, accompanied by the Red Guard, a young deputy from Paris, and an elderly sculptor.

"Where have you been? What——"

The diplomat met the volley of questions with a slow Russian smile.

"And where should I be on a sunny afternoon in the historic town of Orleans? I have been visiting the museum and the house of Jeanne d'Arc," answered the representative of the Soviet Republic.

Too Many College Girls?

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

I. Bigger Colleges or New Ones

GIRLS are going to college in ever-increasing thousands, as casually and cheerfully and nonchalantly as boys. A change in their attitude and in the world's attitude toward them has made "higher education for women" a wholesale commodity. Mediocrity goes to college, popularity goes to college, good looks and social ambition go to college—along with earnest purpose and intellectual curiosity. These new thousands of young women may be touched by their college life—they may be steadied or broadened or stirred—but quite as surely the college will be touched by them. Twenty years ago the women's college was a meeting-place of adventurous, sturdy, hungry minds, diluted by a few merely pedantic ones. Today it is not even a picked lot; it is nothing more than a cross-section of comfortable, middle-class American life.

But there is a limit to the college space available. The popular Eastern women's colleges are full, and they have helped to fill with their surplus the smaller, less noted institutions. Smith limits its numbers to 2,000, Wellesley to 1,500, Mount Holyoke to 1,000, Vassar to 1,150. Bryn Mawr must at present hold its undergraduate department to less than 400; Radcliffe to something over 500. Barnard is limited to 1,000 until an increase in its physical equipment makes room for another 500. Hardly a women's college in the East has space for more students; those willing to become larger are looking for money with which to develop their facilities. Young colleges or colleges which have recently achieved reputable academic standards are growing equally fast. The State universities, which cannot limit their numbers for mere reasons of convenience or educational policy, have become teeming centers of social and athletic and mental activity—gaining day by day in size and complexity and losing all hope of achieving a calm and steady intellectual life. They range in size upward to twelve and fourteen thousand; the modest or ordinary individual is submerged and unnoticed in the maelstrom.

Even here there must be a final limit to expansion—and in the best of the privately endowed colleges that limit has already been reached. Hundreds of girls, all eager for a college education, are turned away from these strangely popular educational resorts. "The trouble with us," said President MacCracken, "is that we're too attractive; we give them too good a time." This is obviously true; women's colleges are charming physically; the activities are diverting, the companionship amusing and stimulating, the whole

* A Soviet official who was shot in Switzerland during the Lausanne Conference.—EDITOR.

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life one of friendly competition, genuine cooperation, almost idyllic grace. And the work—well, obviously you don't have to kill yourself with work to get through college; and some of it in junior and senior years is even interesting! This is the fatal fact, a fact that makes girls turn sadly from the closed doors of these pleasant little republics and look with disfavor at their homes or small-town society or jobs.

Not all the overplus will, of course, drift back home. The State universities still take in as many as will go. "And why not," demanded Mrs. Bernard, the dean of Smith College. "What is the matter with the State universities? They may be large and a bit tumultuous; social ability may play too important a role; the girls may not have the chance in the public life of some of these institutions that they should have. But much of that can be remedied; and coeducation is obviously the sane thing for girls and boys of college age." But this view is not general. Without objecting to the State university for "certain types" of girls, most of the administrative heads of the Eastern colleges consider them generally unsatisfactory. Their size, their emphasis on the more strident virtues, their crowded social life all unfit them for ends of quiet development. With President Neilson, these administrators believe that new colleges and new kinds of colleges must appear to take care of the growing overflow. Colleges which emphasize the arts or physical science or the social sciences, but which maintain a cultural background and sturdy academic requirements—these are suggested; and when the demand is great enough, the money to rear them, they think, will undoubtedly appear.

President MacCracken is even more interested in the development of local colleges. Built to meet the needs of a definite town or locality, such institutions find it comparatively easy to draw students and raise money. A college is obviously an asset to a community—on more than cultural grounds. It brings trade; it lends prestige and raises the cultural "tone"; it provides practical benefits in the form of lectures, concerts, social work, laboratory service. Such colleges make no effort to attract girls from remote corners of the country; they draw from their own locality and in several instances have become large and influential.

Another development, still young, is the junior college—two years of college work carried on usually as the postgraduate department of a preparatory or high school. Some of the leading schools in New England are adding junior colleges; and already they are absorbing a part of those students who would otherwise enter college for a couple of years and then drop out. The work of these institutions practically duplicates freshman and sophomore college work, and their graduates are prepared to transfer into the junior class of a college or (more frequently, perhaps) of a State university. But one or two such schools are offering a rounded curriculum, omitting some of the conventional college courses, useful chiefly as prerequisites for advanced work, and substituting more valuable and conclusive studies. Pine Manor, in Wellesley, offers for high-school graduates an academic course and a comprehensive course in homemaking. Both are stiff and self-respecting from an academic point of view. In the first, the students study economics, psychology, and philosophy in addition to the more usual elementary subjects; in the second, the household science is rigidly scientific and backed by a study of the economic and cultural basis of domestic life presented through such courses as sociology, psychology, ethics, history of art, music appreciation, and current history.

The most interesting plan I heard of for absorbing the flood of surplus students was also the least popular. It was urged many years ago by the late President Taylor of Vassar. The women's college of the future, he believed, would be a group of colleges, built up as units of a single institution. It might follow the English plan; or each college might be differentiated in kind. The suggestion was brought up and applied to the present emergency by Mr. Northrop, headmaster of the Brearley School in New York, and subsequently I repeated it to the administrative officers of each of the various country colleges that I visited. It is said that former President Burton of Smith had dreamed the same dream; but President Neilson opposes it as a simple impossibility. Smith can't hold any more girls. A new college would have to duplicate everything—chapel, gymnasium, library, as well as classrooms and teaching force and dormitories. He claimed no special virtue for the present limits of the colleges (he would have no objection to a larger one), but the limits are set by the brick and stone of which it is built, and that seemed to settle it. President MacCracken, despite the vision of his predecessor, has no desire to see a new Vassar sprout on the empty acres inside the present college boundaries. Bryn Mawr is not willing to become larger either by growth or new-born "units"; nor is Wellesley. But President Woolley of Mount Holyoke, without directly applying the idea to her own institution, herself suggested the development of college units within a single plant as a tolerable way out.

> Starting a wholly new college [she said] is so desperately discouraging. A college is a slow growth. It is something more than buildings and teachers. It is an academic standard, established and improved by generations of effort; its recognition by the world comes slowly. Its graduates, turned out year by year, advertise the work of the college by their own intellectual achievements over the period of their lives. Library and collections must be patiently built up. When our science building burned, in 1917, we found we had lost an accumulation of specimens that will not be replaced in this generation. These processes cannot be hurried; they must not be omitted—if a college is to mean anything to its students or to the community. And the financial backing necessary to build a separate new college seems appalling to us who face the yearly need of increased endowments merely to keep up our colleges, raise salaries, and make necessary additions and improvements.
>
> A new college, built as a part of an established institution of high standing, *could* skip a few of those most painful processes. It could use facilities already created; gymnasiums, laboratory and museum collections, libraries; some of the lectures could be open to all; the administration could be largely centralized. But the classroom work, much of the social life and athletics, and the dormitories could be separate. A friendly competition might grow up between college units. They need not, of course, be wholly alike in their curricula; but a new unit could face the world with academic standards already set, ideals that possessed a meaning, and part of the work of creation done for it.

Such suggestions for salvaging hopeful college material will grow more important as each year swells the tide of rejected applicants. Just now the problem that demands the worried attention of every college dean and president and admissions committee is the method of selecting each new freshman class. If only 50 per cent or 25 per cent of the host of applicants can be taken in, how shall they be chosen? The next article will describe the methods of admission and elimination used by these overcrowded women's colleges.

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America and Internationalism*

By JOHN A. HOBSON

THE most momentous issue of this age is perhaps not the tapping of atomic energy, or a cure for cancer, or some advance in psychical research, but the question of the part which America will take in the new experiment of internationalism. For two clear truths emerge from the turmoil of the past ten years. First, that the material and moral fabric of Western civilization can no longer hold together on a policy of national forbearances and balances of power, but requires some adequate reliable arrangements, not merely for pacific settlement of economic and political disputes, but for continuous cooperation for common ends, amounting to International Government. Secondly, that the refusal of the United States to enter into this conscious organized world order, as a full and equal partner, would gravely jeopardize, if not absolutely wreck, the whole experiment. It is the strong instinctive recognition of this latter truth that has incited so many Europeans to ill-judged appeals for American cooperation, couched in terms which express too plainly the interests and needs of Europe, rather than those of America.

Quite apart from its deeply human implications, this problem has fascination as a challenge to speculation. There enter, of course, other important factors besides those classed as economic. National pride may prompt a role either of self-sufficiency and isolation, or of a big and dominant place in the direction of the world. Security may bid America draw away from Old World troubles, while sentiments and moral attachments, community of thought, feeling, and institutions may urge her to go in. But while these free moral and intellectual considerations are of real moment, they count for history as influencing the political and economic conduct of the nation. For the actual problem of America's attitude toward internationalism is one of politics and commerce. I take one step further, and premise that without adhering to any rigorous principle of the economic determination of history, we have here a case where economic considerations are likely to be of paramount importance in determining national policy, other influences counting rather as subsidiary checks or adjuncts. For never in any age or country has the conscious power of organized business interests been so potent in molding governmental policies as in America today. With one voice, indeed, business calls upon the state not to interfere with private profitable enterprise, but with another it insists on taking care of government in order that government may take care of it.

By business I here mean not only big finance but all other forms of economic activity, in manufacture, agriculture, commerce, that can get some pull in politics. So interpreted, our initial question takes this shape: How are the business interests of America likely in our time to work out in terms of the new move toward internationalism? Before the war America was able quite easily to harmonize two trends of her economic policy—her protective tariff and her export trade. The dominant idea that American energies should be devoted to a development of all the varied natural resources of the country, recruiting the necessary labor power by free drafts from Europe, so as to make America a virtually self-supporting economic system for all primary purposes, was compatible with a relatively small foreign trade, by which a balance of agricultural and manufactured exports went in part payment of interest and repayment of foreign loans and investments, for shipping services, remittances of foreign workers in America, and to meet the considerable private expenditure of American travelers abroad. The relative importance of food exports was shrinking, that of manufactures increasing as the economy of machinery and mass-production advanced. America could supply from her own national and human resources nearly all the needs of her growing population with their rising standards of material comfort. Foreign trade was, excepting for a few materials, almost entirely an affair of surpluses upon the export side, luxuries upon the import side.

Even apart from the war, this economy might have become increasingly difficult to sustain, as the productivity of standard manufactures expanded. But the war ripened this difficulty and added others. Its first notorious result was to transform America from a heavy debtor nation into a heavy creditor in her dealings with Europe, her chief business associate. The magnitude and pace of this change carried consequences that are quick to disclose themselves. Whereas before the war the United States was debtor to Europe to the sum of at least $300,000,000 per annum for interest on investments, after the war she became creditor for nearly double that sum, after writing off for the time being all obligations of foreign governments except the British. In other words, the trade balance was turned so much to her advantage that she was entitled to receive at least $900,000,000 more imports than in 1913 without sending out more exports to pay for them.

How has America accommodated herself to this new situation? She has not altered in any appreciable degree the proportion of her total imports to her exports. The value of American imports rose from $1,813,000,000 in 1913 to $3,450,000,000 in 1924, the value of exports rising from $2,466,000,000 in 1913 to $4,311,000,000 in 1924. During the past four years the surplus of visible exports over imports has amounted to some $5,000,000,000. Taking into consideration the higher price level, the volume of her foreign commerce has remained approximately unaltered.

What has happened? To cover nearly one-third of the four years export surplus gold has flowed in, to the amount of $1,577,000,000. Considerable sums represent expenditure of American travelers and residents in Europe, together with remittances to European relatives. The remainder, perhaps one-half the total surplus, represents loans and investments, i.e., interest left for reinvestment or new loans, inclusive of the gold advanced to put Austria and Germany on a stable financial basis. Investment in Europe on any considerable scale is a novel policy for Americans. It may be regarded as a tender plant, likely

* This is the concluding article in a series by Mr. Hobson on modern economic problems. The first five, appearing in *The Nation* for March 18, April 1, April 15, April 29 and May 13, were entitled: The Cry for Productivity, The Limited Market, "Socialism" in Britain and America, The Gold Standard, and The Population Question.

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to succumb to any adverse wind. But if no such setback in the new American policy comes from Europe, will America continue indefinitely this policy of refusing to take payment from Europe in goods, and continuing her joint policy of absorbing gold to cover a third of the payments due to her, and of reinvesting abroad the large remainder? Or will the natural play of economic forces bring about a change?

It is a matter of delicate and precarious speculation. One of three movements may prevail. If it be regarded as virtually impossible to expect any early reversal or large modification of the American protective tariff, it is still possible that her export surplus might lessen or nearly disappear. For if the new burst of activity in the extension of railroad, electric power, and other internal investments, that is now expected, proceeds so far as to liberate volumes of credit large enough to raise substantially the domestic price level, a considerable increase of imports may enter above the tariff wall while the export trade would show some correspondent shrinkage. Should the present recovery of Central Europe be attended by some resumption of agricultural activity and trade with Russia, relieving Europe to an appreciable extent from dependence upon American food supplies, a natural check would be furnished the present American gold and foreign-investment policy.

If, however, this movement, making for a natural balance of foreign trade, is not allowed free play, and imports are successfully kept out, while a large export trade, both for manufactures and agricultural products, is maintained, the current of American policy, political as well as economic, will set strongly toward the development of foreign-investment markets. This will not chiefly signify new loans to Western Europe, but an ever-growing participation of American investors in the opening up of the great undeveloped areas of Russia, China, and other Asiatic countries, where railroads, mines, and other fundamental work calls for big capital. That this line of business involves trade treaties, concessions, and political guaranties goes without saying. Now these trading and financial relations must directly implicate the American government in a double way, first, in its relations to the backward country where the business is to be done; secondly, in its relations with European governments whose nationals are competitors in the same fields of lucrative investment. Nor would this entanglement be confined to foreign business that demanded governmental aid for its initiation. Where British or other European investors or merchants have on their own private initiative staked their money and the lives of their employees in some backward country, they have been able successfully to involve the diplomatic, and in the last resort the armed, aid of their country to protect their property and lives, alleged to be endangered by native disorders or governmental injustice. If American investors and traders acquired a substantial interest in any of these backward countries, their diplomacy and their armed forces would support the business interests. Since the American resources available for such adventures would, on our hypothesis, be continually enlarging, the rapid abandonment of the policy of aloofness, or rare *ad hoc* intervention, which America has always practiced, would be inevitable. Economic forces would then bring America into continuous conference with European and other governments on questions of spheres of influence, loans, consortiums, concessions, "open doors," most-favored-nations treatment—the issues which form the substance of foreign policy and furnish the conflicts of "national" interest that lead to wars. It may be, of course, that America, like other great Powers, has learned enough from the Great War to see the advisability of setting up some international arrangements large and strong enough to remove the atmosphere of conflict from these big financial operations, and to enter upon some pacific allotment of the developmental work that remains to be done. But whether competition or cooperation ensues, in either event America would be drawn away from her traditional policy into one which would make her a full, and by reason of her resources, the predominant partner in the conscious organized process of world policy.

There is, of course, the third alternative, that of political and economic isolation, a virtually self-sufficing national life. This is still a possibility. For the financial and trading stakes in Europe, large though they may seem, are small in proportion to the total wealth and income of America. The nation is nearly self-supporting by its own production, importing in 1923 little over $33 per head of its population. The total private investments of Americans abroad were estimated in January, 1924, at $8,000,000,000, yielding, say, an income of $400,000,000 per annum, probably less than 2 per cent of the aggregate national income. To this the governmental loans would add at least as large a sum, could they be realized for payment. But, with the exception of some slight addition to the interest from Britain, from the Dawes payment, the huge paper obligations might easily be written off by an America which sought to minimize its entanglements in world policies and economies.

Substantial isolation could be got without any appreciable sacrifice of otherwise profitable trade. Most American imports consist of luxuries, some popular comforts, and a few sorts of raw materials. Though, as seems likely, America will soon cease to be a food-exporting country in normal years, through the expansion of domestic consumption and some slight contraction of agricultural production, her manufacturers of standardized commodities can still export enough to take care of her imports plus her travel expenses, should these exceed the interest due to her from her foreign investments of the war and post-war years.

A growing population, with a rising standard of consumption, could thus absorb for its internal requirements virtually the whole of the growth of capital and of the agricultural and industrial product. Foreign markets, still of considerable absolute size, would constitute a diminishing factor in her aggregate national economy, and would neither be large enough nor sufficiently influential to involve the American government in serious embroilments of external policy. Political and economic security and stability may seem to lie this way. Some qualifications would doubtless have to be made as regards relations within the American continent. But European and world complications could apparently be minimized by such a policy. It implies, of course, a close and perhaps continually rising tariff, and a resistance of temptations for American syndicates to participate in lucrative foreign business propositions that need diplomatic aid. Above all, the conscious adoption of this isolation policy would signify that America prefers safety and material prosperity and a distinctively American civilization to the great adventure of using her unrivaled material and moral resources as leader in the wider cooperative experiment of organizing the commonwealth of nations.

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In the Driftway

THE way of the transgressor is not always hard. Lately two young women, aged about seventeen, were seized with a desire for adventure. One, accustomed to the sea since her childhood, longed specifically for a voyage; the other, her mother explained later, had always possessed "an unusual curiosity." Together they went to see a friend off on a Scandinavian liner; together they slipped away to some distant and obscure part of the ship. When the ship sailed so did they, without money, baggage, the blessing of their parents, or a steamship ticket. The sequel ought to be that their irate parents stood furiously on shore, waving impotent cables at them to return at once. The Drifter is glad to report that nothing of the sort happened. Instead, money was cabled to them to buy tickets with which to continue their voyage properly, and the mother of one of them is quoted as saying: "As long as adventure confronts them, why should anybody step in and deprive them of it?"

* * * * *

THE Drifter maintains that this is one of the most admirable sentiments he ever heard expressed, particularly from a parent toward a child. The only objection that could be made to it, and that a slight one, is that parental acquiescence may have robbed the adventure of a small portion of its glamor. Ideally, the way to run away to sea is strictly without benefit of clergy; the stowaway's life must have captured the imagination of many a young boy and girl. Actually, there is little of comfort or pleasure in it. There are few places on board a modern ocean liner where a stowaway can hide himself successfully for the period of the voyage. The ship's crew has a most unpleasant habit of peering into every possible bunk several times in the course of the trip. If by some unlikely chance the hiding-place is not penetrated, then the problem of food and drink for several days becomes a serious one. And worst of all, when the unlucky one is caught, which is usually on the first day out, he is put—not in irons—but to work.

* * * * *

THERE is, probably, not a man or woman living who as a child did not either run away from home or stifle a desire to do so. Those who ran away and subsequently returned were beaten or caressed or fed or put to bed or washed or otherwise well or ill treated. But the Drifter is sure that very few of them were furthered in their adventure by their parents. The Drifter, being childless himself, has all sorts of theories about how children should be brought up. He confesses that he never thought of this one. In his ideal state, there was always some reason why the child would not misbehave himself; he would be so interested in doing what was proper, for example. Virtue, perhaps by being presented to him as vice, would have been made so attractive that he could not but embrace it. However, from now on the Drifter will throw overboard all his ideas on child culture. Hereafter he will have just one principle. It will be: Watch your child as well as you can; if at any time he eludes you, permit him to have an authentic adventure with your consent and approval. The inevitable results would be franker relations between parents and children, less work for the crews of ocean liners, and more business for the steamship companies. Thus, every one will be pleased, even—although he comes under none of these categories—

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Missionaries and Mr. Schurman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to your editorial in *The Nation* of January 28, 1925, entitled Christian Missionaries I wish to add this additional information. You quoted correctly and in full the statement sent by those twenty-five American missionaries to Mr. Jacob Gould Schurman, the American minister at Peking. This declaration of the missionaries requested, as you pointed out, that no form of military pressure, especially no foreign military force, be exerted to protect them or their property; and that, in the event of their capture by lawless persons or death at their hands, no money be paid for their release, no punitive expeditions be sent out, and no indemnities be exacted.

It is unfortunate, however, that along with this petition it was not possible for you to publish at the same time the reply of the American minister. Instead, you had to rely on an Associated Press dispatch which stated that the American Legation in Peking regarded the petition as inconsistent with American policy, and that no exception could or would be made in emergencies that involved the signers of the petition.

I think you will agree with me that the reply of the American minister (a copy of which I submit herewith) was in no sense as unfriendly as the Associated Press dispatch implied. In fact it was far more sympathetic and cordial than any of the signers of the petition, I think, anticipated. Whatever the attitude of the State Department in Washington may have been or may still be, it is only fair to say that the minister himself appreciated fully and sympathetically the position which those missionaries have taken. His letter, which was written while on leave in America, was addressed to Mr. Robert E. Chandler, one of the signers of the petition.

Peking, March 23 ARTHUR W. HUMMEL,
Department of Chinese History, North China Union Language School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many thanks for your warm approval of the statement we sent to our American minister. But we have to say the editorial does not do justice to Minister Schurman's reply.

The field of "diplomatic protection" is wide and vague. It is not defined and limited either by the treaties or by international law—despite what editors say. It has been often, and is still, subject to the gravest abuse. Within that field we cannot but have our opinion of what is a Christian attitude for an individual. We shall endeavor to live according to it. I believe it is entirely possible for United States government officers to respect our expressed desires in these matters; and I think some of those we know in China would be inclined to do so.

Minister Schurman has come out recently in strong and reasoned advocacy of the gradual abolition of extraterritorial rights now held by foreign nations.

Tientsin, China, March 27 ROBERT E. CHANDLER,
General Secretary, American Board Mission

[We gladly print the essential paragraphs of Mr. Schurman's letter as follows:

"The problem is in itself one of real difficulty. The position of our government is that American citizens in China must be protected in accordance with the treaties, and the government knows no distinction between missionaries and other groups of American citizens. If, therefore, missionaries are carried off it would be the duty of the American minister to demand their release and, if they were killed, it would probably be his duty, under instructions from the home government, to demand adequate indemnity. Similarly, if their property were looted or destroyed, it would be the minister's duty to demand compensation. . . .

"You will realize that between the position you have taken

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and the policy of the government there exists a certain contradiction. To some extent this perhaps is alleviated by the circumstances that the signatories of the statement speak only for themselves as individuals and do not in any way commit their missions or churches. As I understand the matter the signatories feel that the attitude described in the statement is the one which harmonizes best with the principles of Christianity and they are bound to it by their consciences.

"It is stated also that the signatories are influenced by the fact that, in their opinions, the object of the missionaries should be to build up a *Chinese* Christian church. It is pointed out that the present dependence of Chinese Christians on the missionaries who have foreign military forces behind them to enforce the treaties has led to the stigma of "Foreign Church" and "Foreign Religion" and even a "Religion of Force."

"I have during the last three years observed a growth of the tendency toward an independent Chinese Christian church. That tendency was voiced at the Shanghai convention two years ago, and it probably is the consummation toward which missionary work, consciously or unconsciously, is contributing; but, in my opinion, this is a matter which concerns only the missionaries and the churches which they represent and not their governments, certainly not the American government."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Canada's Powers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to an editorial in *The Nation* of April 22 containing comments on a recent decision of the judicial committee of the British Privy Council concerning the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act? I cannot help thinking that those of your readers who are not familiar with the facts may be misled by your interpretation of them. You say that "long-accepted facts of her [Canada's] dominion status have been upset" by this decision. That interpretation I cannot accept. The judicial committee decided only that the act was *ultra vires* of the Dominion Government because by the Canadian constitution (the British North America Act) such power is vested in the provinces and not in the Dominion. It is much the same as if the United States Supreme Court had decided that an act of Congress was *ultra vires* because the power to pass such an act was granted by the Constitution to the States.

There is, of course, this difference—that our final court of appeal is in Great Britain and not in Canada. In this connection I may add that there are many Canadians who are in favor of curtailing or abolishing appeals to a British court. There are also many Canadians who would like to see Canada have the power to amend her constitution. This is opposed—and with reason—by my own province, Quebec, for the reason that the other provinces might deprive her of her existing constitutional rights if amendments could be made without her consent. If unanimous consent were necessary, Quebec would probably raise no opposition.

Great Britain has never refused, and would not dare to refuse, any and every change demanded by all the provinces. When the provinces are unanimous in demanding the power to amend the Canadian constitution, they will get what they ask.

Montreal, April 22 J. C. HEMMEON

Birth Control in England

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see in the interesting article by Dr. Aletta Jacobs in your issue of April 8 a statement which should not be allowed to go for a moment uncorrected. She says: "Holland in 1882 was the only European country which did not forbid by law the giving of contraceptive information." This is untrue. England *never* has had any laws against contraception, and never since contraceptive knowledge existed has England ceased to have it freely disseminated, although, of course, not so widely disseminated as it should have been. Even the famous prosecutions, such as that of Bradlaugh, were on accessory grounds, and did not hinder the concurrent distribution of other works containing contraceptive knowledge, freely published before, all through, and ever since the prosecution.

At a time when America is trying to free herself from the deplorable shackles placed on scientific knowledge, it is as well that it should be realized that in English law there has never been any objection to the dissemination of contraceptive knowledge.

London, April 25 MARIE C. STOPES,
President, Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress

[Owing to an error which we regret Dr. Jacobs's statement appeared in our columns in a more positive form than she intended. She wrote that in 1882 Holland was "perhaps" the only European country which did not forbid the giving of contraceptive information.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Contributors to This Issue

SILAS BENT directed publicity for the Democratic National Committee in the campaign of 1920, and has been associate editor of the *Nation's Business*.

NATHANIEL HERBERT is the pseudonym of a former newspaper writer of Boston and New York.

ROBERT DELL was for many years Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

IDA TREAT lives in Paris and sends *The Nation* occasional reports of French events.

FREDA KIRCHWEY, managing editor of *The Nation*, has visited the Eastern women's colleges to investigate the situation described by President Neilson of Smith in *The Nation* for May 13.

JOHN A. HOBSON, English economist and author of "Gold, Prices, and Wages," has been in Washington this year.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER is the author of "Sunrise Trumpets."

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER is assistant professor of English in the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is now in Illinois lecturing on labor conditions to the United Mine Workers.

CHARLES J. FINGER, an Englishman living in Arkansas, has been editor of *Reedy's Mirror* and *All's Well*. His latest book is "Tales from Silver Lands."

LISLE BELL is a New York newspaper man now in the Middle West.

HERBERT HORWILL was for many years London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* and *The Nation*.

GILBERT SELDES, the author of "The Seven Lively Arts," recently engaged in practical film production, writes a monthly article on the movies for *The Nation*.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is instructor in English at Yale.

BOOKS—GREAT BARGAINS

H. G. Wells, The Outline of History, 1 vol., Macmillan Ed.	$4.25
Forel, The Sexual Question	3.00
Krafft-Ebing, Psychopathia Sexualis (Sold to professional people only)	3.00
Kisch, The Sexual Life of a Woman (Sold to professional people only)	5.00
The History of Human Marriage, 3 vols., Prof. Westermack	9.00
Encyclopedia Britannica, 16 vols., 12th Ed., Handy Volumes	65.00
McCollum, New Science of Nutrition	1.50
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Books and Plays

Walk of the Worm

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

If the mattock strike
On stone or the spade
Bite flint or the spike
Split rock, be not afraid:
The grave will be delayed,
But the grave will be made.

Not a pebble or chip
Must ruffle the bed
Or roughen the lip
Of the flesh that is fled:
A dream for the dead
And white linen instead.

The hole must be deep,
Well-paved and firm,
For the long hard sleep,
For the walk of the worm.

First Glance

THE better things in John Erskine's new volume of verse, "Sonata and Other Poems" (Duffield: $1.25), seem to me to be at least one remove from poetry at its purest. I do not mean by this that they are two, or three, or four removes from life—whatever life is. Nor do I mean to imply that I know in any positive way what poetry at its purest does to the mind which reads it. I only mean that upon the mind of one reader certain undeniably distinguished and gentle poems here did not strike freshly and powerfully enough to make that reader forget other poems, other arts, other ideas. Among the discoverable reasons for this the most trivial would be that Mr. Erskine has so frequently employed "poetic diction"—inversions, poeticisms like ere, and contractions like 'neath, o'er, 'mongst, 'twixt, 'twas, 'twould, and 'twere. A more significant reason is that he has drawn too heavily upon the common stock of moods and ideas which linger about the word Beauty. A poet at his purest may or may not be dealing with Beauty. I should guess that he is not, since Beauty does not exist, and poets are intensely concerned with existence. But at any rate he probably will not use the word. He will leave that to writers who, having vaguer things to communicate, must invoke the aesthetic experience in order to make them impressive, must rely upon reference to abstract loveliness. Other arts than poetry will be touched—consider Mr. Erskine's title-poem, Sonata, and the fact that it takes for its theme a landscape-painter's vision of the world. And always there will be an over-explicit idealism. Mr. Erskine's otherwise fine sonnet-sequences, Mediterranean and Versailles, are rendered a little faint by philosophy, and The Sleeping Beauty is, in my opinion, quite spoiled by it.

The sonnets contain a great deal of excellent writing, and the conclusion of the third movement of Sonata requires quoting:

> How could our grandeur speak without these hills?
> Without these meadows and midsummer trees
> What drowsy peace would die in us untold!
> Never without the ocean could we say
> What harbor, what far land, what gallant ship
> We know of, and our heart is set to go—
> And who could utter beauty without stars?
> Speak in this language—ah, and who will hear?
> So few, so few! I see the curious eyes
> Studying as though the pictures were a scroll
> Marked with lost symbols or designs insane.
> Yet there the path is written, and the end;
> From silence first, through silence into speech,
> And afterward through speech to loneliness—
> Something this world we love so cannot say,
> Earth cannot, nor the ocean, nor the sky.

Other pieces, and particularly the lighter ones, contain lines which are surprisingly bad for a poet of Mr. Erskine's known accomplishment. In The Poetic Bus-Driver, to give a single instance, there is this couplet:

> And making up lost time discreetly by
> Formal things, like the Public Library.

MARK VAN DOREN

Sir Oracle

The Faith of a Liberal. Essays and Addresses on Public Principles and Public Policies. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE presidency of a university does not, *ipso facto*, confer oracular powers on its incumbent in the theater of discussion, but when a university president, especially the president of Columbia University, discusses present political, economic, and social issues, what he says is of importance because he exercises in certain quarters a considerable influence upon public opinion. When it is remembered that the twenty-one addresses which (exclusive of a chapter of autobiography recalling the author's *Studentenjahre* at the universities of Berlin and Paris in 1885) compose the present volume were delivered during the period marked by the rise to power of the Labor Party in England, Sovietism in Russia, Fascism in Italy, and the La Follette-Wheeler revolt in the United States, they have a certain documentary value as indicating the judgment of Judge Gary's chief rival in the advocacy of private property and laissez-faire in this country. They also have a certain value as an exhibition of the extent to which a tried and true Republican has conferred papal sanction on liberalism, thus rehabilitating a word which both Republicans and Democrats have done much in recent years to discredit.

"The Faith of a Liberal" has more in common with "My Neighbor the Workingman," by the late James R. Day, than it has with Harold Stearns's "Liberalism in the United States." What one misses is any recognition whatsoever of the work of Wallas, the Webbs, Laski, and Veblen—to mention only the most familiar. So far as Dr. Butler's experience or ideological philosophy is concerned, scientific investigation of social and political phenomena simply does not exist. Consequently "The Faith of a Liberal" makes no contribution to the inductive study of politics or society. It is simply part of the literature of propaganda. It continues without striking modification the well-known lines of Dr. Butler's political and social thought in such of his earlier books as "Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?" (1912), "True and False Democracy" (1915), and "Is America Worth Saving?" (1920). Like all of his public pronouncements, the addresses in "The Faith of a Liberal" are hortatory, orotund, oracular, and combative—especially combative. "What we are combating," he writes, "is . . . a wrong idea and a wrong state of feeling and a wrong state of mind. . . . The only instrument that will combat a

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wrong idea is a right idea, a right state of feeling. We have got to reach . . . propagandist doctrines on the plane in which they move. We have got to reach them by . . . a propaganda for America so that the voice of the agitator will be stilled in the land."

The propaganda is pressed through four themes binding together a group of essays which otherwise would be somewhat heterogeneous: the struggle between reason and force in which the author admirably pleads for tolerance of expression and opinion; the distinction between economic and political equality in which he rejects altogether the former because, according to "the law of progress," it is not only impossible but undesirable; the argument contra "bureaucracy" in which he criticizes present tendencies toward greater federal control of matters like alcoholism, education, and child labor; and the argument contra "group representation" in which he has his eye chiefly on the aggressive claims of the proletariat. In no one essay are all four of these themes present, but in most of them several of the themes are woven together with enviable dexterity.

"The true Liberal," Dr. Butler says, "is a believer in liberty, whether that liberty be intellectual, civil, political, economic, or religious. He resists the artificial or forcible holding in check of any man's effort toward growth and free expression. . . ." With this as a postulate he proceeds to assert that liberalism practically means the right of a man "to do as he likes," that it is the antithesis of state control. He implies that liberty is an end in itself and twice quotes with approval Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's notion that "good government is no proper substitute for self-government." It is doubtful if the philosophers of liberalism from Mill to Hobhouse so conceived it; was not the major trend of Victorian liberalism toward state control of means working for human welfare and improvement? Even so impartial and detached a liberal as Matthew Arnold admirably defended and argued for such control in "Culture and Anarchy," particularly in the chapter called Doing as One Likes. In the light of Dr. Butler's definition of liberalism, therefore, the author of "The Faith of a Liberal" cannot expect to be accepted as a liberal by liberals until he has shown some convincing acts of contrition. To see in his present book even a mild act of contrition would be generosity indeed, for in what liberals generally understand by the term "liberalism" he is as little advanced as he ever was.

Since in the title-essay Dr. Butler presents a eulogy of Lord Morley, comparison between the two is inescapable. The humility which characterized Lord Morley is noticeably absent; instead of humility we find a certain irritating prepossession and oracular presumption. Lord Morley profoundly believed in democracy and took issue with those who, like Sir Henry Maine and Lecky, were losing faith in it. Dr. Butler rejects "economic" equality, yet Lord Morley frequently indicates that democracy is impossible as a workable effort without firm belief in the possibility of removing the hindrances to man's equality in all spheres. It is futile, then, to suppose that the author of "The Faith of a Liberal" is carrying on the tradition of which Lord Morley was a luminous exemplar.

If Dr. Butler is not a liberal, what is he? It is impossible to say. Concerning his appropriation of the word "liberal," one is inevitably reminded of his own words in this book: "Today it is not easy to fix the character of a public policy or the place of a public man by the label that is borne by that public policy or by that individual; for the label may be used . . . in apparent ignorance of its true meaning and without any reference whatsoever to its historic and well-tested significance." After emptying the term "liberalism" of its well-established political content, President Butler has imported into it a new set of doctrines in the face of his own caution: that one ought "to give new doctrines new names, and not to attempt to transform or to appropriate old and well-established ones."

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

The Dressmakers' Iliad

The Women's Garment Workers. By Louis Levine. B. W. Huebsch. $5.

OF all the arts the most difficult is creative research. Unless its imagination is technical it is the work of a tyro. And unless its technique is imaginative it is the work of a pundit. Mr. Levine's tale of the dressmakers is distinctly a creative achievement. He managed to identify himself sympathetically with the movement and then wrote its biography—blending the facts with such imaginative skill that ineluctably they arrange themselves into a cause.

The patron of the history was the union itself, which of course means its general executive board. A labor union is primarily a fighting organization and the motive of its research is necessarily more propagandist than "pure." Most union autobiographies are as unctuous as "The Americanization of Edward Bok." Almost invariably they are the apologia of the administration in power, which often has much to apologize for and which treats the past as a series of trials and errors leading to its present ineffable leadership. The best of these histories are meretriciously censored. To my knowledge this union is the first to look frankly into the mirror of its own past. And behold, the reward of such courage is an epic of social adventure!

Whence such courage? The answer begins to shape itself after one emerges from Mr. Levine's study. These workers, mostly immigrants and graduates of sweat-shops, have the most truly proletarian tradition to be found in any American craft, not excluding even the miners. Their epic began and wound its tragic way through three inchoate decades of the last century amidst primitive socialist, syndicalist, anarchist, and other impossibilist schisms. Such an environment prevented their inoculation by the middle-class outlook of our more indigenous craft separatism. And for a labor union such a tradition is a heroic background. Unlike our English-speaking unions, whose radicals were fighting as dualists on the periphery, the women's garment workers were actually led—though confusedly for a long time—by their early class crusaders. Some of these crusaders are still leading. The rest are their spiritual descendants. The labor movement to them is a way of life rather than a method of making a living—for labor leaders. A half century has made them a good deal more practical as industrial statesmen than they were. Now the garment workers are in the vanguard of American labor in improvements for the rank and file—in sanitation and health, in benefits and insurance of all kinds, and finally in education and recreation. This union has done for itself what the liberal reform movement has had to do for a considerable portion of our other wage-earners.

But of course the main job of a union is in the economic field. And doctrinaire passions kept the dressmakers from making strides commensurate with those of the opportunist Gompers unions before the turn of the century. For three long decades their amorphous organization rose and fell from inner distraction. Finally some sort of order began to emerge from the chaos of doctrines. The leaders learned self-effacement and cooperation, and slowly they carried the mass with them. The gradual paralysis of the handicrafts by machinery, the seasonal regularity of fashions, the slow displacement of the sweat-shop by the large factory, the heightening pressure of industrial America helped to teach coordination. In 1900 the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union was founded. It affiliated with the A. F. of L. Gradually its reach became longer. It stopped swinging wildly and it learned how to strike effectively. It forced more and more Queensberry rules into its catch-as-catch-can industry. The reefer-makers' strike in 1907 prepared the way for the far more effective waist-makers' strike in 1909, and both were packed behind the "Great Revolt" of the cloak-makers in 1910. This series of victories led to the famous Protocol of Peace of 1910, the first attempt to extend collective

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bargaining between capital and labor to collective control of industry by both—excepting, of course, the profits.

The Protocol had an enormous educational influence on the workers, the employers, and the public. The manufacturers and the operators came to know each other better. But by 1914 and 1915 it became obvious that the Protocol of Peace was only an armistice, and in 1916 it was called off. Nevertheless, this industrial armistice, and then the World War, strengthened the union so that it could weather the most powerful attacks of the post-war industrial depression and the open-shop drives. From an organization whose unpaid secretary-treasurer used in January, 1901, "four cents for stationery" and in January, 1902, "total carfare five cents," and whose clerical expenditure for the whole fiscal year of 1902-1903 was ninety dollars, the International grew to an organization which was able in 1922 to spend $1,046,531 on one strike alone.

The contemporary tendency in writing social history is to minimize the influence of leaders—a natural reaction against the old view that social movements are spotlights for heroes. Yet until we know a great deal more than we do about social psychology, leaders are the only articulate expression of the rank and file; and historical acumen consists in distinguishing the social significance of a given leader from his mere idiosyncrasies. This Mr. Levine manages to perfection. He traversed the country in order to talk with old-timers—headliners as well as minor figures—and their present successors. He has no stars; only dramatis personae. Stealthily the leaders, old and new, assume life against the background of the movement. We meet Joseph Barondess, whose daring outreached his actual courage in the nineties and broke his hold; Abraham Rosenberg, president of the International from 1908 to 1914, and now one of its organizers—as shrewd and human a *raconteur* of union tragi-comedy as there is; Dr. Hourwich, too fiercely capable for responsibility; John Dyche, secretary-treasurer during the most formative years of the International—canny, conservative, incorruptibly underhanded for the right as he saw it; Schlesinger, president from 1903 to 1904 and then again from 1914 to 1923—able to use his monumental egoism as a battery for his cause; Sigman, the present head of the International—an old I. W. W., whose rebellious spirit mellowed and grew strong to master new conditions. All of these and many others serve here to express the ambition of the workers to mold their own industrial destiny; and their campaigns are invisibly woven into the intricate patterns of the Best Dressed Woman in the World.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

In the Depths

Adventures of a Scholar Tramp. By Glen H. Mullin. The Century Company. $2.

IT is hardly within human nature, my nature at any rate, to commence a book such as this without finishing it at a sitting. For it is a real record of an odd kind of life. Into the deeps the author plunges, without why or wherefore, laying firm hold of his material. For his apprenticeship he paid heavily enough in discomfort, hardship, and pain. His reward is this book, a kind of deadly tale of the goings and comings of those restless wanderers, those lone wolves, those neurasthenics in whom is the primitive man, the roaming savage never still but forever seeking something vivid, alert, impassioned. So it is a biting kind of book; a book direct and truthful. It is a book to go with Wyckoff's "Workers," or Stepniak's tale of Siberian fugitives, or Greenwood's "Amateur Casual," or Rockwell Kent's "Voyaging," or Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," or, indeed, any of those books sometimes written by investigators, sometimes by half-rascals, half-heroes who found something fascinating in a life of rough combativeness and ugly riot and wild enjoyment.

Some things the author leaves untold, for in the main his traveling companions were fairly decent fellows, jovial and elastic and not worse than the Robert Burns vagabonds who gathered at Poosie Nansie's change-house. Perhaps he did not touch the depths where blinking and malign things are, for there are hoboes and hoboes—those who choose to lead the life unrestrained, who, like millionaires, resolutely avoid extremes of climate, and others who have slipped and slid into bestialities and worse. But Mr. Mullin tells enough, and he tells well of those for whom the mere change of place is exciting and full of novelty and delight, and who cannot see a train without experiencing all the zest of childhood. For them, to see the landscape streaming past is sheer delight, and that delight the author came to know when he threw aside the life respectable and took his first stolen ride. With a kind of rapture he records it. In the vernacular, he "decked a cannon-ball on the fly," that is, he caught a moving vestibule train and rode on the roof. Thereafter he advanced rapidly. Coal car, box car, flat, tank car, blind baggage, stock car, cow-catcher, the rods under a sleeper, all were the same to him. Anyhow, anytime, anywhere a chance offered, the amateur hobo took his ride. Four months in all he hoboed, crossing and criss-crossing the continent, seeing the inside of jails, sometimes like De Quincey aided by women of the street, experiencing hunger and cold and thirst—a whiskey-drinking, wildly elated bum, revolting at social restraints, full of uncontrolled self-emphasis, lying glibly for a meal, accepting vexations, humiliations, soul-shattering things.

Then his madness passed. Memories flickered in his mind. High and urgent things called him. There were books, and pictures, and music. There was a world of which his hobo companions knew nothing and cared less. It was his splendid secret that once he had touched hands with the gods; so, the fates willing, he would touch hands with them again. Mr. Mullin does not put it that way, but there is a reading between the lines plain enough to those that know. And I know.

CHARLES J. FINGER

Fiction by an Expert

Lucienne. By Jules Romains. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

AMONG the unhappy faults of fiction which are visible to the naked eye no small number are due to the fact that the average novelist has learned to use but one set of tools. Manual training has made him an artisan but not an artist. Consequently when he tries to dissect emotion with a putty-knife, or hammer a thought with the same blunt instrument which may have served admirably to drive home a climax, the results are so apparent that they do not require comment.

What people do in a novel works itself out as a pattern to which the author may be said to apply himself primarily in the role of reporter—imaginatively, dramatically, or baldly, depending upon his temperament and skill. What people feel can, no doubt, be set down approximately by the same means—a mixture of reporting and guesswork. Any novelist who is a fair mechanic can do it that way with his one set of tools, and thus, indeed, he does it. But to give the reader the joy of discovery and a sense of reality something more is necessary. The method of the artist, the method of Jules Romains in "Lucienne," is more that of the chemist than that of the carpenter; here is a fascinating laboratory of thought, in which people's emotions mingle and react upon one another in accordance with the laws of their nature. Analysis takes the place of reporting in a novel in which—to use Waldo Frank's comprehensive phrase—Romains "sings the organic reality of aggregate beings."

The story unfolds as naturally as a flower, and—like a flower—it celebrates the whole mystery of life in its simplicity. Romains belongs to the mystical tradition of French literature, being an artist who—having plunged into deep pools of emotion—emerges with a clarity of vision which gives luster to his ideas. He is concerned with the effects which ensue when Lucienne, a music teacher and a woman of intelligence, is introduced into the

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orderly, provincial home of the Barbelenets, consisting of a husband, a wife, and two daughters. The other factor is a handsome cousin of the family, an eligible prospect for the role of son-in-law, who falls in love with Lucienne as she with him. Out of such simple materials the story is woven.

The action is projected through Lucienne's impressions. To Romains her mind is a sensitized plate, recording an emotion each time it is exposed to the Barbelenet rays. These emotions —some vague and evanescent, some sharp and blinding—gradually build up into a pattern, the development of which constitutes the whole content of Lucienne—and it is sufficient. It is such a pattern as Henry James would have delighted in, and it has been created, bit by bit, somewhat in his mood, though not in his later manner. Here is the delicacy without the cross-stitch of involution; the handling is just as fragile as James could have desired it, but admirably direct. And if one needed proof of the wisdom of economy in documentation, it is to be found here. Romains puts nothing into the scene which is not integrally and emotionally a part of it, and then only when it is needed—not before the curtain rises.

The final resignation of Mme Barbelenet, as she sees a son-in-law slip through her competent fingers, is the one thing which in retrospect may appear to have been a degree too easily encompassed. She is the guiding force in the household, and it was she who built the trap and baited it. When it fails to spring, she accepts defeat with perhaps too much calm.

The book is filled with flashes of acute characterization which clamor for quotation. What could be more adroit than these two sentences about athletic women? "Their blood circulates ostentatiously. Every time they breathe, you'd think they were discovering oxygen." The author has been fortunate in his translator. Waldo Frank has rendered the French writer into smooth and sensitive English in which neither grace nor clarity has been slighted.

LISLE BELL

Gallipoli and the Single Tax

Essays and Adventures of a Labor M. P. By Josiah C. Wedgwood. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $3.

THE old-fasioned way of luring the indifferent and unsuspecting reader into an interest in social amelioration was to write a novel which would hold his attention by the fascination of the story and which at the same time would make an effective appeal for reform. Thus, by showing up the dark places in the contemporary English legal and social system, "Bleak House," "David Copperfield," and "Never Too Late to Mend" did more to bring about improved conditions than would have been accomplished by many times their own length of avowedly propagandist books and pamphlets and speeches. Colonel Wedgwood has tried a different plan. He sandwiches his pleas for the single tax between lively descriptions of personal adventure, and hopes that people who are drawn to his book by love of a stirring tale will continue reading when they are suddenly switched from Reminiscences of a Transvaal Resident Magistrate to a chapter on Land Values. One may doubt, however, whether this ingenious scheme will work. The flaw in it is that, whereas in Dickens and Reade the plea for reform was part of the warp and woof of the story, in a volume whose component sections are separately labeled you can easily skip any discussion of topics that you think will prove dull. It is to be feared that those who want a sensational thrill will be irritated rather than converted by the intrusion of dissertations on the law of rent, and that those in whose minds economic and political questions are paramount will be equally annoyed at finding the consideration of such problems mixed up with recollections of bloody encounters in South Africa and Gallipoli.

This is a pity, for both sections of the book are of excellent quality. To take the economic propaganda first, Colonel Wedgwood—who was a member of the late Labor Government and represents in Parliament a district in the "Potteries" which the artistic products of his family through many generations have done as much as Arnold Bennett to make famous—is a whole-hearted disciple of Henry George. The Conservative reaction in England has just now left the single tax under a cloud, but sooner or later the solution of the problem of the land will become one of the most urgent issues of domestic politics, and then such arguments as Colonel Wedgwood has advanced in this book will carry great weight. Industrial depression in Great Britain is not wholly due to unsettled conditions abroad. Much of it has its roots in the privileges of the land-owning class, and Chancellors of the Exchequer, whether they like it or not, will ultimately have to give ear to expedients which today they pronounce chimerical.

The other part of the book narrates in graphic style several striking incidents in an unusually varied career. Colonel Wedgwood seems to be an amphibious sort of person. After spending several years as a naval architect, he was captain of a battery in the Boer War, and he remained in the Transvaal for a time after the peace as resident magistrate at Ermelo. He served in the European War first as a sub-lieutenant in the Naval Division, in which capacity he took part in the defense of Antwerp. Presently we find him a naval commander in the Dardanelles, where he wins his D. S. O. Recovering from a serious wound in one of the "pushes" there, he is appointed an assistant-director of trench warfare, and is sent later to Vladivostok to look after British interests while Siberia is under Bolshevik rule. Even after the armistice a strange fate draws him to places where something lively is going on, for he happens to be taking a daughter to get married in Hungary just at the time when a Soviet government has been set up in that country. So his experiences have been as diverse and as exciting as those of many a war correspondent, and his skill with the pen makes his account of them fit to stand by the side of the best work of the professional craftsman. One might single out, perhaps, for special commendation the six pages in which he tells us how it feels to be wounded, and an unforgettable chapter entitled Panic in War. There is no minimizing here of the follies and blunders of mankind, but Colonel Wedgwood contrives through it all to maintain a cheerful outlook on the world and to preserve unimpaired his faith in democracy.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Books in Brief

Twisted Tales. By Christopher Ward. Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

A group of contemporary novels burlesqued both as to substance and as to style. Broad but amusing if taken in small doses.

Konrad Wallenrod and other writings of Adam Mickiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jewell Parish, Dorothea Prall Radin, George Rapall Noyes, and Others. University of California Press. $2.50.

Useful if stilted renderings of the greatest Polish poet in the nineteenth century.

The Oxford English Dictionary. Whisking-Wilfulness. By C. T. Onions. Oxford University Press. 5 shillings.

This new section of the greatest of all English dictionaries includes an unusual number of interesting words: whisky, white, whore, wicked, widow, wife, and wild.

Lincoln's Last Speech in Springfield in the Campaign of 1858. The University of Chicago Press.

A Lincoln first-edition, giving the newly discovered text of a brief address to Republican friends on the eve of the defeat of 1858.

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Some Elaborate Pictures

By GILBERT SELDES

KING VIDOR is a name known to old movie fans; in the earliest days he was an actor and enjoyed no direction or suffered bad. He has now appeared as a director himself, and it gives me a literally unusual pleasure to congratulate a director on his comedy. The whole of "Proud Flesh" was competently handled; but what impressed me was a brief scene (a "sequence," it is called) on a balcony, between a woman and two men, in which a tone of comedy actually prevailed. Comedy in the movies is generally the equivalent of a gagged joke on the stage; and here was something different. The players were Eleanor Boardman, Pat O'Malley, and Harrison Ford.

This capacity to do anything in a definite tone, and especially to do comedy in the comic vein, is so rare that I emphasize it although it has nothing to do with my present subject. I have been looking at the special pictures, those which play in houses formerly given over to the stage, and at regular theater prices. The result is not encouraging. "The Iron Horse" has one of the few epic themes of American history: the construction of the great railroad link between East and West during and after the Civil War. The production was epic only in length. It had little sweep and almost no dignity. A well-placed episode at the beginning—the killing of the hero's father in pre-railway days, at a spot which is ultimately to solve a difficulty in engineering—was good. But an insignificant love affair muddled the main part of the picture, and even the race between the Eastern and Western construction gangs was trivially conceived. Here was a case where the sheer mechanical magic of the camera could have produced marvels, condensing time and space before our eyes. The actual result was a mixture of the old railroad thriller and the old Western film, with the thrills omitted.

"Grass" is outside the line, being comparable to Mr. Flaherty's superb "Nanook of the North." "Grass" is shorter than most special features, and is monotonous at times. It traces the emigration of a Tartar-like tribe from their home, across torrents and snow-clad mountains, to fresh pasturage for their flocks. It treats of actuality, and both its major and its detailed scenes have a freshness and piquancy lacking in made films. Near the end there are a few glimpses of the tribe zigzagging through the mountain snows which quite come up to the mark Mr. Griffith set years ago for this sort of thing. But the very fidelity of the camera-man has robbed "Grass" of its high spots—of its breathless moments.

I do not know whether the producers ever intended "Madame Sans-Gêne" to be a super-picture; in any event, its first weeks in New York have been monstrously successful. Yet it is a thoroughly bad picture. The effort to achieve historical verity by photographing actual rooms of the time involved has resulted in a film so heavily documented that interest flags. Worse still, the scenario has been badly handled; the affairs of the Duchess of Dantzig are over by the middle of the second half of the picture, and the extraneous affairs of the Queen and her hypothetical lover bear no relation to Sans-Gêne herself. By way of contrast to all this is the comparatively simple "Zander the Great," in which Miss Marion Davies acts, in spots, very well.

A special feature ought to be lavish and spectacular, but the elements need careful handling. Almost all of our big pictures have been little ones swollen into disproportion. Few of the themes have required the elaboration given to them; and the elaboration, almost always, has been in two directions: the addition of fiction and the multiplication of accessories (four thousand horses make a great picture, four horses make a little one). The makers of super-spectacles seem to be unaware that they can produce epics, histories, and biographies frankly as such. Why not a Theodore Roosevelt film—not "The Love-Life of Theodore Roosevelt"? Why not a Jesse James or a Buffalo Bill? Or the Flight of a Tartar Tribe? Mr. Monte Katterjohn, an extremely clever professional, is widely advertising a projected film on P. T. Barnum, and I hope he makes it straight biography, with the necessary drama and the necessary comedy emerging from the character and from the events of his hero's life. "Quo Vadis" and "Ben-Hur" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" require "super" treatment; but the very cost of "Abie's Irish Rose" (it is said to be held for a million dollars) will probably force the producers to make it an epic of racial antagonisms "through the ages."

On the whole, again, the super-picture has not progressed very far beyond the beauty of "Cabiria," the thrill of "The Birth of a Nation," or the brooding intensity of "Nanook." It has become more lavish in the vile manner of "The Ten Commandments" and mechanically better in the glorified Westerns like "The Covered Wagon." It remains important; but since it must be exceptional it ought to be exceptionally good.

Drama

Creative Production

THAT the production of "The Critic" at the Neighborhood Playhouse is an hilarious triumph redounds, in a way, to the credit rather of the company than of Sheridan, its author. "The Rivals" and the "The School for Scandal" are, by virtue of the wit of the lines and the adroit theatrical effectiveness of the situations, practically fool proof; but "The Critic" is an actor's play, to be made or marred in the playing. The short first scene, with its generalized satire upon the arts of puffing, contains a sufficient number of palpable hits scored against perennial follies to make it live of itself; but in all the succeeding action there is little that might not fall abominably flat were not the opportunities offered for the arts of the theater taken full advantage of. Not only are the tragedies which it burlesques so long dead as to be only faintly imagined by a contemporary audience but the burlesque itself, being pure burlesque and not satire, is, so far as the mere lines are concerned, almost as dull as its subject; and it needs to be interpreted with a wealth of invention if the possibilities which it contains are to be realized. What Sheridan provided was little more than a scenario, for he trusted a company under his own direction to create the thing which he had in mind, and doubtless they did so. But the play which he conceived died with the author who imagined and the players who played it, leaving behind only a skeleton whose bones may be rattled by anyone with sufficient memory to repeat the lines but which can be made to live again only by those with sufficient creative imagination to make from a scenario a work of art.

It is a popular delusion that a very bad play would be good burlesque if only frankly recognized as such, but nothing could be further from the truth. For a good burlesque must have a style; its badness must be of a self-consistent, harmonious sort, and it cannot be merely bad in a general sort of way any more than a good play can be good in a general sort of way. Evidently the producers at the Neighborhood have begun with this fact securely in mind, and they have seen to it that the atrocious acting of their players is atrocious in so consistent a manner as to constitute a very perfect art. They have not, as the temptation is in producing burlesque, simply turned them loose to be bad each in his individual way, but they have conceived a very special kind of badness which is to be characteristic of all and thus to constitute the style of the piece. The performers of the play within the play are represented as starting with a complete contempt for the author and with an earnest desire to shine in themselves, but this latter desire is somewhat interfered with by their desperate weariness with the whole business of acting, and as a result of this combination of contempt, egotism, and boredom they achieve a manner which is excruciatingly funny not because it is bad acting, which would be merely trying,

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but because it expresses something very definite and not a little complex. They are not being incompetent; rather they are delineating a special sort of incompetence, and to do that adequately requires a critical intelligence to comprehend and a technique to express which is at least one step beyond what is required for the interpretation of a straight role. To watch Dorothy Sands, for example, who is given the role of the heroine's confidante and assigned almost no speeches at all, is to realize that there is being created before our eyes, through the untransmittable medium of acting, a piece of art quite as original as any ever set down in words and quite as ludicrous as anything which Sheridan wrote. In the text she is merely indicated as a meaningless shadow of the heroine; Miss Sands, however, is a very definite person—an unfortunate girl with the mind of a scullery maid who is desperately trying in a frightened sort of way to do what is expected of her. And though I choose Miss Sands as an outstanding example, what is said of her is true to a greater or less extent of all the others. Sheridan gave them an opportunity, and one and all they have made of it something which only an artist could make.

The company at the Neighborhood Playhouse surpasses, so it seems to me, any of our other producing organizations, commercial or experimental, in the art of recreating upon the stage works which require not only the intelligent interpretation of dialogue but the generation of an atmosphere and the invention of a non-realistic style. Earlier in the season they demonstrated their capacity by making "The Little Clay Cart" a thing of surpassing beauty, and now, while employing a number of the same actors, they achieve a style which is as different from the other as it is possible to conceive but which is equally a feat of the imagination. To maintain, for example, as they maintain in the present piece, a perfectly obvious and fittingly artistic distinction between the two levels of caricature as represented in the spectators at the play and in the play itself is to give in one instance a proof of that capacity to conceive and to execute different manners of presentation which is the outstanding excellence of their work; and in this they never fail. A good deal has been said in recent years of the theatrical as distinguished from the literary art, but nowhere save at the Neighborhood Playhouse have Americans given any thoroughly satisfactory examples of that art.

"Flesh" (Princess Theater) wins, by virtue of its unbelievable banality and the incredible incompetence of its dialogue, an unquestionable right to the title of the worst play of the year. Its producers have announced that, in view of the derisive laughter which greeted its opening performance, it will be played hereafter as a burlesque; but for the reasons given in the discussion of "The Critic" I fear that it will fail even as that. Such cruel pleasure as might be had by laughing at it is hardly possible except on the assumption that it is seriously offered. "The Big Mogul" (Daly's Sixty-third Street Theater) is a comedy-drama which employs every conceivable kind of claptrap, but the genial personality of Fiske O'Hara keeps a done-to-death plot moving.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Child Slavery in China

A PERSISTENT agitation on the subject of child labor in the factories of Shanghai (many of which are owned and controlled by foreigners) has been going on for some time. As a result, the Municipal Council, which governs the Foreign Settlement, appointed a child-labor commission in 1923. The chairman of the commission was a British lawyer; half the members were representatives of leading manufacturers. The commission's recommendations were presented at the April meeting of the Municipal Council, but so slight was the interest that not enough members were present to take any action. A special meeting has been called for June. The report is too long to print in full, but an idea of the conditions is given by the following excerpts:

The commission was appointed by the council in June, 1923, to inquire into the conditions of child labor in Shanghai and the vicinity and to make recommendations to the council as to what regulations, if any, should be applied to child labor in the Foreign Settlement of Shanghai, having regard to practical considerations and to local conditions generally. . . .

It was early apparent that there was little general public interest in Shanghai in the subject. . . . One result of this lack of general public interest was that, with the exception of certain industries, such as cotton manufacturing and silk reeling, the commission had to be content with information of a more or less general character, supplemented as far as was possible by the personal observations of its members. As far as the commission has been able to ascertain, there are few records of observations by individuals or bodies, whether native or foreign, and no reliable statistics upon any of the matters germane to this inquiry. . . .

Working Conditions

The commencement age varies with the nature of the employment, but it can be asserted that, generally speaking, the child begins to work in the mill or factory as soon as it is of any economic value to the employer. The commission has visited a number of mills and similar places of employment both during the day and at night, and has seen very many children at work who could not have been more than six years of age. The hours of work are generally twelve, with not more than one hour off for a meal. The children frequently have to stand the whole time they are at work. In many industries day- and night-work is the rule, there being two shifts of twelve hours each. In most instances the mill or factory stops for one shift at week-ends, and in others, in addition to this, endeavors are made by the employers, but without success, to insure that their work people take one day off from work every two weeks. Apart from interruptions and the customary holidays at China New Year work is continuous. Wages are paid only for working days. In many cases the atmospheric and dust conditions are bad. The sanitary arrangements in the majority of mills and factories leave very much to be desired. The average earnings of a young child are usually not more than twenty silver cents a day. The contract system of employment is common. Under this system the native contractor supplies the requisite labor and is paid on production. This system is obviously open to grave abuse. The commission heard evidence to the effect that in some instances contractors obtain young children from the country districts, paying the parents $2 a month for the services of each child. By employing such children in the mills and factories the contractor is able to make a profit of about $4 a month in respect of each child. These children are frequently most miserably housed and fed. They receive no money and their conditions of life are practically those of slavery. . . .

Nearly all the employees in the silk filatures are women and young girls. Generally speaking, one child is employed for every two adults. The children brush the cocooons and prepare them for the reelers by removing the waste and so exposing the silk thread. The operation is performed over basins containing nearly boiling water with which the fingers of the children frequently and necessarily come in contact, thereby becoming roughened and unsightly. The commission is not satisfied that any permanent injury is caused to the hands of the children by reason of this work. Night work is unusual. The regular hours of work are twelve, usually from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. The children, however, have to be at the filatures some little time (15 to 20 minutes) before the hour for commencing work, in order to get things ready for the adults. . . . Many of the children employed are very young, being certainly not more than six years of age. . . . In the Shanghai district the children almost invariably stand the whole time they are at work, five or six hours at a stretch. . . . Owing to the presence of the hot water in the basins the temperature of the workroom is always considerably above the normal and the atmosphere is very humid. It was stated that fainting in hot weather is not uncommon. The children earn from twenty to twenty-five silver cents a day. In the main they present a pitiable sight. Their physical condition is poor, and their faces are devoid of any expression of happiness or well-being. They appear to be miserable, both physically and mentally. The adults are given a certain number of cocoons from which they have to produce a certain quantity of silk. Should they fall short of this quantity they are fined. They then frequently revenge themselves by ill-treating the children working under them. The commission is satisfied that the conditions under which these children are employed are indefensible. The work could be done by adults. There is, however, usually a shortage of labor, and moreover, if adults were employed instead of children, owing to the difference in height, the machinery used would probably have to be reconstructed. . . .

Special Difficulties

It is obvious that any action which might have the effect of raising the cost of production within the settlement would be not only unfair to industries competing with those outside, but would be also unwise from the more general point of view, since it would tend to the subsidization outside the settlement of the very evils which were being attacked within. Moreover, in certain instances, particularly in the cotton industry, the same concern may have mills and factories both inside and outside the settlement, and any regulation which did not take into account this circumstance, and the difficulties which obviously might arise therefrom, would be most unsatisfactory. Further, the probability that prohibition or regulation within the settlement, unless very carefully conceived, would merely result in the driving of the children and their parents into the employment of entirely uncontrolled industries outside, must always be borne in mind. Again, owing to the present economic and social conditions in China any immediate drastic prohibition of the employment of children would be in the nature of a revolution and would seriously impoverish many homes. Lastly, the fact that there is in China at present no system of education for children of the working classes must not be lost sight of. In all countries hitherto the history of early industrial regulations has also been the history of early elementary education.

The following statistics from the report, though based in part on estimates that cannot be regarded as absolutely correct, give some idea of the size of the problem: Total number of factories in the Foreign Settlement and Chapei and Pootung districts, 274. Of these, 55 were American or

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European concerns and 32 Japanese. There were 22,440 employees under twelve years of age and 50,702 over twelve years of age.

The recommendations made by the commission were very moderate, and are as follows:

1. Prohibition of employment of children under ten years of age, rising to twelve years within four years.

2. Prohibition of employment of children under fourteen years of age, for a longer period than twelve hours.

3. Twenty-four hours' continuous rest in at least every fourteen days for children under fourteen.

4. Prohibition of employment of children under fourteen in factories where especially dangerous conditions exist.

Breaking America's Cotton Monopoly

IN the five years before the war the United States produced, on an average, 63.5 per cent of the cotton grown in the entire world. We produced more than 13 million bales; our nearest competitor, India, only 3¼ million. Egypt came next, with 1½ million. We exported two-thirds of what we produced, and our best customer was England. Naturally, British dependence upon American cotton disturbed British imperialists. An intensive effort has been made to develop cotton-growing in the British Empire.

According to the Commerce Yearbook of the United States Department of Commerce, American cotton production in 1923-24 was estimated at only 55.5 per cent of the world production. We produced slightly more than 10,000,000 bales, India 4,000,000, Egypt 1,213,000 bales. China had risen to third place with a production of 1,400,000 bales. Sudan production was still insignificant; Uganda, which averaged only 20,000 bales in the pre-war period, had risen to 94,000.

The success of the British imperial cotton campaign is partially recorded in the following summary of a report prepared for the British Cotton Growing Association by W. H. Himbury, its general manager, which we reprint from the *Manchester Guardian* for April 30:

The actual progress that is being made in cotton growing in British colonies and protectorates is outlined in a memorandum prepared by Mr. Himbury and forwarded by him to the members of the Balfour Committee before yesterday's hearing. In this Mr. Himbury emphasizes the seriousness of the situation and the great importance of developing to its utmost the growing of cotton within the empire. He expresses a doubt that —owing to the ravages of insect pests and the increased cost of labor—America will "ever again produce a large crop economically," and points out that although the cotton industry of Lancashire is most highly organized the best of machinery and the most expert operatives are useless without ample supplies of cotton. The present shortage is largely responsible for the critical position of the trade today, and the only solution of the problem is "rapidly to develop cotton growing where labor is abundant, where climate conditions are favorable, where the plants will be free from the boll weevil and other pests, and where harvests mature at different times of the year."

After indicating the work that has been and is being done by the British Cotton Growing Association and the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation, Mr. Himbury gave the following details of what has been accomplished in the countries named below:

Uganda

Uganda at the moment produces more cotton than any other country in Africa, with the exception of Egypt, and in the industry is the most important one in the protectorate, representing some 80 per cent of its total exports. It is mainly a peasant-grown crop and the native has been able to see that a steady increased production means wealth to himself and his family. Some of the native chiefs are cultivating cotton on a plantation basis, with hired labor. Last season the production reached the record figure of about 128,600 bales, as compared with 85,000 bales in the previous season. A further considerable increase is virtually assured for the coming season, the estimated acreage being 578,114, which compares with 418,000 acres planted in 1923, with a possible crop of 180,000 to 200,000 bales. The present railway system is unable to deal expeditiously with the cotton now produced, and if Uganda is to continue to make progress a large amount of money must be spent in the improvement of the Mombasa harbor, additional railways, and roads.

Sudan

Cotton growing is certain to play an important part in the economic development of the Sudan. This year the Sudan enters a phase, the end of which should see it as one of the chief cotton-producing countries, for in July the barrage at Makwar on the Blue Nile will be completed and will be supplying water for the Gezim Canalization Scheme, which will bring into immediate cultivation 100,000 acres annually of high-class Egyptian cotton. The Kassala and Tokar areas of the Sudan are also continuing to receive attention, and Kassala is now connected by railway with the main line to the Red Sea. Developments are also taking place in the cultivation of rain-grown cotton in a number of large areas where irrigation is not practicable. The exports of cotton for 1924 amounted to about 46,000 bales.

Tanganyika Territory

Before the war the Germans had devoted a good deal of attention to developing cotton growing in this territory. In 1922 a supply of fresh seed was obtained from Uganda, and further supplies were introduced for the 1923 season on account of the quality of the seed which was found in the country at the close of war having deteriorated. The country possesses a number of districts which give promise of being suitable for cotton growing, such as Mwanza, Morogoro, Rufiji, Lindi, etc. The estimate for the 1924 crop is 17,500 bales. Large undeveloped areas of land capable of growing cotton exist, but inadequate transport facilities prevent its being opened up at present.

Nyasaland

In Nyasaland cotton is produced by Europeans on large plantations and also by the natives, although the development of the industry here, as in many other parts of Africa, must mainly follow the lines of production by natives as peasant proprietors, each cultivating his small patch. It is estimated that the crop in 1924 reached 6,500 bales. Although the area available is somewhat restricted, there is undoubtedly a future awaiting the native cotton industry in Nyasaland. The new bridge across the Zambezi will, when completed, be of immense help, but the construction of a railway northwards to the south end of Lake Nyasa is essential to the development and general opening out of the country.

Rhodesia

In the newly established colony of Southern Rhodesia cotton has been grown experimentally in various districts for some years, but it was cultivated on a commercial scale for the first time during the 1923-24 season. The acreage planted with cotton this season has been increased tenfold, and this year 20,000 bales are expected. There are also great possibilities in Northern Rhodesia, and interest in the industry is being revived. The results were so satisfactory last year that the local farmers have been keen to extend their acreage, and it is anticipated that something like 18,000 acres will be planted this next season, and that the crop should reach 8,000 to 10,000 bales.

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Nigeria

In Nigeria about 25,000 bales were produced last season, and the prospects are good. The efforts which have been made by the local agricultural department to improve the quality of cotton coming from the northern provinces have met with great success. Nigeria has an area of 350,000 square miles and a population of 18¾ millions—a fact not often recognized. A railway is wanted to tap the Sokoto district northwest of Zaria, which has great prospects, and another through the northeastern area to Lake Chad.

India

In India the cultivation of Punjab American cotton is being proceeded with. This is an acclimated Upland American cotton, and is grown in the Canal colonies of the Punjab to the extent of some 500,000 acres. The Indian Central Cotton Committee has set to work, and is giving serious consideration to the important question of improving the Indian cottons.

Australia

Queensland is the premier cotton-growing colony in the commonwealth of Australia, and this state government and the other governments are doing all they can to encourage the industry, and have adopted a policy of guaranteeing fixed prices for the seed cotton. The present production is estimated at about 17,000 bales. A revival of the industry in Fiji has also been witnessed.

South Africa

In South Africa some progress has been made in the past two or three years. During the 1923-24 season about 9,000 bales of 400lb. were produced, and for the coming season a larger acreage than before will be planted with cotton, from which it is anticipated that something like 30,000 bales of 400lb. will be produced. Some of the most promising country for cotton growing in South Africa is devoid of transport, and, as one instance only, it is important that a railway should be constructed from the Pongola River to Komati Poort.

West Indies

The bulk of the cotton grown in the West Indian Islands, principally in St. Vincent, Montserrat, Barbados, St. Kitts, etc., is what is known as Sea Island, a distinct variety; in fact these islands are now the principal source of supply of Sea Island cotton. The superfine type from St. Vincent is the longest and finest cotton grown in the world. The present production of Sea Island is about 4,500 bales.

Iraq

The crop for this present season is 3,000 bales, as compared with 1,500 bales for the previous season, and the Association has established a power ginnery at Bagdad. The potentialities for cotton cultivation in Iraq depend largely on a sound irrigation and drainage system, and large projects are under consideration to erect barrages and reservoirs. On a lesser scale cotton is grown in Kenya Colony, Malta, Cyprus, Palestine, Mauritius, and British Guiana, which all contribute their quota to the supply.

More Assistance Needed

The building and financing of most of the railways in our colonies and tropical dependencies in Africa have been provided by loans issued by the colonies themselves, or under a guaranty by the Imperial Government, and in some cases the machinery of the Trades Facilities Act has been used. The interest and sinking fund, however, have had to be found by the colony, and are a charge on the revenue of the country. That being so, progress in transport development must necessarily be slow. This is not the fault of the colonies, which have to the best of their ability done everything they possibly could to provide railways, etc. If, however, quicker progress has to be made, some other assistance will have to be given by the Imperial Government.

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